NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

VOLUME IX.---NO. 22. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1848. | WHOLE NUMBER 438.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY AT 143 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

Selections.

THE UNION.

The permanence of the American Union is one of the issues involved in this campaign. The question does not come up now in the form of a dissolution, from the petulant South. There is a more serious danger, from the inevitable tendency of the political action and event of the present moment. It is believed, not only at the South, but by leading Taylor men at the North, that if the contemplated fraud can be made successful, and Slavery be spread over California and New Mexico, that the course of destiny can be changed, and Providence defeated. It is supposed that the doom against Slavery can be reversed by winning the battle over Free Soil, and that the reform-spirit can be finally driven from the midst of our institutions. Said a prominent Whig, some months back—"Unless the Whig Party can be freed from its abolitionism, we must go over to the Democratic Party." In strict accordance with this, when Mr. Stevenson, the delegate from Boston, returned from the Philadelphia Convention, and urged his friends to save their State organization, by separating it from the support of General Taylor, they refused, with the determination to purge the Whig Party of Massachusetts of every taint of Anti-Slavery feeling, and crucify liberal principles, wherever found within it. This is the attitude of the Whig Party of Massachusetts to-day, unedr the diction of its State-street managers. We shall proceed to show these gentlemen that they have not calculated the cost of their undertaking.

Suppose that this plan succeeds—that General Taylor comes in—and that all South of 36 deg. 30 min. to the Isthmus of Darien, is secured to Slavery! Suppose that the Senate of the United States is packed with slaveholders, so that no law alleviating the condition of Slavery, under the United States Government, can ever pass! Suppose that the slave power shall have been seated so securely under our Constitutional forms, that it cannot be rooted out! Does the sentiment of the civilized world, with regard to Slavery, stop on that account? Is the Northern conscience quieted? Is Free Labour any more contented with the disgrace thrown upon it by servitude? Is the work religiously begun in 1831, and adopted hy the masses of the Free States, at Buffalo in 1848, to be suddenly and hopelessly abandonded? Such questions have a single answer:—Right is more powerful than wrong; whatever the result of the present contest, Slavery must soon, and rapidly fall, and with it, all institutions with which it is inextricably mingled.

Let our Conservatives beware. They may strengthen Slavery with the whole power of our institutions, weave it inseparably into the fabric of our Union, connect with it the vast interests of the nation, and yet the whole mass will heave and break asunder. The judgment which the people of the Free States have passed against the exercable oppression of American Slavery, will not be reversed, and is to be executed. Tie up the Government of the United States as you do by extending Slavery and slave representation into the Mexican territories, so that the Slave Power shall possess an unalterable preponderance, under our institutions, and you only involve our institutions in the fall of Slavery. The only escape from this destiny is, that Slavery, while strengthened by Northern hands, may fall by other agencies, before our Constitution and Union shall have been swept away with it. Give Slavery the foothold which it seeks this year, and the door for peaceful reform does not remain open. Revolution is the only alternative, and one which will hardly delay the course of events, rapidly as they now succeed one another in the history of the world.—*Emancipation and Free Soil Press.*

THE UNION. * * *—Still it cannot be doubted, that the masses throughout this broad land who are echoing the cry of "Free Soil," are acting under an honest conviction, and are thoroughly in earnest.—All honour and glory be unto them. It is high time they were so. If anything can yet be done to keep us from the yawning abyss of Disunion, it must be done now. Four years ago, he who talked of disunion was regarded as a madman;—now, the question of its policy or impolicy is calmly discussed.—Let the "Free Soil" doctrine be defeated now, and in 1852 we shall hear of a "DISUNION PARTY" waking up a heartier response throughout the North, than this "Free Soil" party finds now; and again politicians will be surprised to find how many have long been of *that creed*, patiently waiting for the "good time coming." Large numbers among the "Democratic" masses mean now to do their duty; they mean to try and "save the State." They see they were bought and sold like sheep in the shambles in 1844, and they mean to assert their prerogative of independent action in 1848.

☞ It is very doubtful, however, whether they can do any effectual good now. The reprieve comes after the victim is swung off. It is greatly to be feared it is too late. They let slip the golden opportunity in 1844 of checking forever the progress of this desolating policy of extending Slavery into free territory; and at this time it cannot be concealed that many very trusting, hopeful, sanguine men—surveying the whole political horizon, mutter mournfully—"IT'S TOO LATE."

Nature never repeats herself. Political epochs never reappear. "There is a tide in the affairs" of nations as well as "of men," which must needs be "taken at the flood," if we would float with it.—The defeat of "Polk and Dallas" in 1844, would have delayed the proposition to annex Texas until the thing could have been canvassed and discussed. It would have postponed all legislative action thereon until it was stripped of all disguises, and until the real and only object and motive in it—the extension of the area of freedom to establish Slavery had become so transparent, and the "Democratic" masses had their heads and hearts so saturated with indignation and scorn at the foul imposition attempted, and the man or the party who dared renew the proposal, would have been

> "Caught in a fiery tempest to be hurled
> Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
> Of racking whirlwinds."

The Southern politicians knew all this; and hence their indecent haste. They knew too, that without the annexation of Texas, the days of American Slavery are numbered. They knew that American Slavery, limited as it was to the Southern States, which were every day diminishing in relative, agricultural, commercial, and political importance—States in which this blessed "institution" was rapidly famishing and impoverishing the soil to barrenness, and the population to sloth and mental imbecility;—they knew that American Slavery, thus hemmed in, with its blighting curse in its face, and with the taste and feelings of the moral, political and religious sense of the whole civilized world committed against it must soon give way and be classed among the things that were. The Southern politicians, whether truly or not is of little moment, verily thought also the political existence of the Southern States depended upon the perpetuation of Slavery.

It was a great, an awful stake, and they played it boldly. They were aided by the political mountebanks at the North. These wise-acres lent them their aid at the risk of pealing the integrity of the Union, to defeat their joint nominal enemy, and the only perpetual and steady opponents to the "ravishing strides" of Slavery extension,—"the Whigs." These profound wights astutely purposed to help the Southern "Democrats" into power, and then seize the reins themselves. But alas,

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley."

and these gentlemen have been biting a file ever since this notable exploit. But the Southern politicians played the game well and adroitly. They dazzled or bewildered the masses of Northern, "Democrats" by the very enormity of the crime intended; who, simple men, verily thought it was dishonouring human nature to give credit that such an iniquitous fraud could be masked under the fair show of that noble purpose of extending the area of freedom and preparing the way to let the light of our glorious institutions shine on the unborn myriads under whose tread this vast continent is destined yet to tremble. Honestly, these masses were misled—honestly they voted. "Verily they have their reward." If the Union falls dismembered, it is but the prospective language of History to say the "annexation of Texas" was the entering wedge that split into fragments the goodly structure. * * *—*Correspondence of the Day Book.*

From the New York Globe.

SLAVE STATES AND POSTAGE.

We ask every reader to look at the following table, and ask whether the North has not a deep interest in the question whether the new free territories shall be added to the Slave States, or remain as they are—FREE—and grow up to be such States as New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Maine. Even in this aspect alone, does it become us to be trying to prove by arguments that a candidate will not veto the Wilmot Proviso?

Free Territory vs. Slave Territory—Post Office Department.

Free States in account with U. S. Post Office Department:

	Dr. To cash paid for carrying the mails one year ending 30th of June, 1847.	Cr. By cash received with postages one year ending 30th of June, 1847.
Maine,	41,965	59,440
New Hampshire,	25,580	40,680
Vermont,	36,563	34,388
Massachusetts,	167,392	218,201
Rhode Island,	9,188	26,832
Connecticut,	45,797	64,456
New York,	299,307	494,756
Pennsylvania,	155,412	252,176
Ohio,	170,295	158,868
Michigan,	38,212	88,491
Indiana,	52,439	43,358
Illinois,	102,489	52,355
Iowa,	9,722	9,495
Wisconsin,	15,043	26,403
	1,083,308	1,559,441
		1,088,308
Balance to Cr. Free States, 30th June, 1847,		481,126

Slave States in Account with U. S. Post Office Department.

	Dr. To cash paid for carrying the mails one year ending 30th of June, 1847.	Cr. By cash received with postages, one year ending 30th of June, 1847.
Delaware,	7,862	8,789
Maryland,	133,751	81,656
Virginia,	192,615	92,292
North Carolina,	172,520	31,279
South Carolina,	118,157	51,383
Georgia,	153,001	55,859
Florida,	45,193	10,883
Missouri,	49,720	41,506
Kentucky,	89,581	53,632
Tennessee,	55,298	37,887
Alabama,	136,499	49,605
Mississippi,	58,451	33,773
Arkansas,	39,996	9,569
Louisiana,	41,795	68,523
Texas,	24,102	8,246
	1,318,541	634,079

Balance to Debit of Slave States, 30th June, 1847, $684,462.

The above accounts are condensed from the statement of the auditor of the Post Office Department, by which it will be seen that while the expense of carrying the mails in the Free States was $220,233 less than in the Slave States, the nett postage in the Free States amounted to $925,352 more than the receipts in the Slave States, 471,123 over and above the expense of carrying the mails in the Free States for one year ending the 30th of June, 1847, being a profit of over forty-three per cent. The expense of transporting the mails during the same period in the Slave States was $684,462 more than the receipts in those States, showing a loss to the department of nearly fifty-two per cent. If the receipts in the Slave States had been in the same ratio as in the Free States, the department would have realized $570,000 over and above the expense of carrying the mails in Slave States, making a grand profit of $1,041,123 for carrying the mails throughout the Union. But as the account now stands, the expense of Slavery to the Post Office Department for one year ending the 30th of June, 1847, as compared with the earnings of the Free States is $1,254,462, thus showing a difference in favour of Freedom and against Slavery of ninety-five per cent. Pray how much will the Free States, at this rate, be taxed to sustain the Post Office Department on account of Slavery, when Mexico, California, and it may be Oregon, are carved into Slave States? But this is only a single item in the debit of Slavery. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the statistics of the country will be astonished to find how the productive industry of the Free States is taxed to sustain this "peculiar institution;" and yet we are called upon to extend this oppressive system into territory now free, and to assume still greater burdens to satisfy the exorbitant demand of 300,000 slaveholders. Surely one would suppose they ought to be content with their present bounty.

From the Louisville Examiner.

PLAN OF EMANCIPATION.

The question is proposed to us continually, orally and by letter, what plan of Emancipation do we mean to advocate in the Examiner?

We rejoice at the frequency and earnestness with which this inquiry is made. It is an indication that one great result which we have aimed to produce, is in a great degree accomplished. The public mind is at length aroused; the importance of the subject of Emancipation is acknowledged, and the determination of discussing it thoroughly, and with a view to definite action, is privately and publicly avowed.

Whether we have been instrumental in producing this result, we cannot say. We hope we have had some agency, however humble it may have been. But whether we have been instrumental or not, the result is reached, and we rejoice, and all friends of their country, and of humanity, have reason to rejoice with us. When once the conviction of the necessity of action on a subject of vast importance has become deep-seated and general, the day of action cannot be far distant.

We wish now to utter a few thoughts to the friends who have proposed the question at the head of this article.

We have purposely refrained heretofore, from advocating any particular plan of Emancipation in our editorial columns. We have been firmly of the opinion that the first, the all-important thing was to draw attention to the subject of Emancipation; to awaken the public mind to a sense of the necessity, the practicability, and the duty of action. We have felt, as strongly as any of our readers, the importance of having some plan presented, which would commend itself to the friends of the cause, and enlist their united and whole-souled energies in its behalf. We have earnestly desired the arrival of the time when such a plan could be profitably presented. That time, we believe, has nearly, if not quite, come. The friends of Emancipation should, without delay, determine on the course to be pursued in order to the fulfilment of their cherished wishes.

To accomplish this end, it is proposed that a meeting of friends of the cause, from all pars of the State, be held very soon after the Presidential election. The place has not been decided upon. That is immaterial. Let it be at Frankfort, Louisville, or at whatever point may be most generally convenient, and as early in November as practicable. Whatever place and time may be agreed on, then and there let us meet. Let us have a full representation, and let all come with minds wide awake, and hearts all alive. Let us meet for full and free interchange of thought. Let every one be ready to present the plan which has occurred to him as wisest, most humane and best, and let every one be prepared to listen with interest and respect to the suggestions of every other mind. After a free interchange of thought and thorough discussion on the various plans proposed, we doubt not that one will be agreed upon, which will be found feasible and just; which will win the approval of the friends, and command the respect of the enemies of Emancipation.

We do not wish to forestall action, nor to prejudice the minds of our readers. We, therefore, shall not now propose a plan, but will content ourselves with pointing out some of the features which should characterize any plan which aims to secure a hearty and general adoption.

1st.—Such a plan must rest for its foundation upon the conviction that Slavery is an evil and a wrong, an evil to the whites, a wrong to the blacks, and that its removal therefore, is demanded alike by right and expediency, by principle and policy.

2d.—Such a plan must consult the welfare both of the white and black population.

If you propose a scheme which has reference only to the interest and convenience of the whites, and cares not for the welfare of the blacks, you alienate some of the truest friends of the slave. There are those, many we believe, among slaveholders, who have received slaves by inheritance, who have grown up with them from childhood, under the shelter of the same roof and in the exercise of an affection made tender and strong by early associations and lifelong intimacy, who would turn with aversion from any plan of Emancipation which overlooked the well-being of the blacks, even though convinced that such a plan would promote their own convenience and increase their own wealth.

On the other hand, if you propose a plan which provides for the welfare of the blacks, without reference to the interests of the whites, you not only alienate a large class, now favourable to Emancipation, but you drive that class into open and bitter enmity.

The plan which would meet with general approval, must provide for the comfort and happiness, not of the whites alone, nor the blacks alone, but of whites and blacks, of all classes and ages. Nor should it content itself with providing for physical and economical interests; it should aim to promote, as far as possible, the moral, intellectual, and religious well-being of all. In short, it should be a plan which commends itself to conscience, self-interest, and affection; which enlists in its favour religion, humanity, and common sense.

To devise such a plan, we are aware, is a task of no little difficulty. It requires a rare union of wisdom and kindness, that genuine wisdom, at once profound and practical, which, while it aims to make things what they ought to be, never forgets what they are; and that Christian kindness, which regards the black, not as a nuisance, to be got rid of, but as an object of friendship and care.

That such a plan, notwithstanding all difficulty, may be devised, we confidently believe; and as confidently do we believe that, when devised, it will be carried to a successful accomplishment.

We know full well the obstacles in the way of the execution of any plan, however wise, humane, and just. We know that real or imaginary self-interest and cold avarice will combine with indolence, averse to all change, and the love of power, developed into a ruling passion by the habits of a life-time, to retard and prevent its consummation. But we know, too, that no obstacles are too great for a resolute spirit to overcome, when that spirit seeks the triumph of right, the establishment of justice, and the happiness of humanity. Such a spirit is not only sustained by the approbation of conscience and cheered by the assurance of divine favour, but it is nerved and exhilarated by the glorious prospect which dawns upon its far-reaching eye. Through the thick gloom of the present, it sees the brightness of a celestial day. Amid the harsh sounds of anger and discord, it catches the soft sweet notes of fervent, humble gratitude, the prelude to the grand chorus of thanksgiving and joy, which, hereafter rising from all lands, shall announce to Heaven the triumph of Right, the end of Wrong.

Let us for a moment, dear reader, contemplate the results which would follow, in our State, the successful fulfilment of a plan of the kind we have intimated.

An impulse would be given to all industrial pursuits. Our soil would yield tenfold for the support of man as beast. Our rivers and streams would gladly become man's servants, turning for him the ponderous wheel, or doing cheerfully whatever services he might demand. The earth would open her bosom and lavishly bestow the mineral treasures which she has accumulated from Creation's dawn.

The brand would be effaced from the brow of labour, and that brow would be encircled with a wreath of honour.

Not only in the departments of industry and labour would the happy influence be felt. In the atmosphere of freedom, education would thrive. The eye of the traveller, as he journeyed through our noble State, which nature has adorned with lavish hand, would rest with delight upon school-houses, crowning the tops of our beautiful hills, or dotting our wide spreading plains, or sheltered by the arms of some majestic forest tree; lowly, unassuming homes of learning, which by their neatness and simple beauty would attest the taste of their patrons, and by their number, would prove the tender care exercised by the State over all the young.

Then our clerk's offices would no longer bear painful testimony to the reign of ignorance, in the unsightly marks made by men unable to write their names, even in signatures of their marriage bond; nor would the stores in our country towns be frequented by substantial, prosperous men, not possessed of learning enough to read the receipts to which their own cross is attached. Then every child would have the opportunity of developing the powers with which the God of intelligence has endowed him, and the position which Kentucky would speedily take among her sister States in learning and science, would afford proud and pleasing testimony, that in native power of mind and elevation of intellect, she stands second to none of the glorious sisterhood.

DEATH OF AN EX-SLAVE.

The Alabama Tribune gives the following notice of a worthy man who recently died in Mobile:

We hastily announced on Tuesday the death of Major Pierre Chastang. He was so remarkable a man in many respects, that a brief sketch of his life will, we are sure, interest many of our readers, and perhaps have a beneficial influence upon his own caste. Pierre was born in this city in 1779, and was consequently 79 years old at his death. He was the slave of Jean Chastang, and in 1810 or 1811 became the slave of Regest Bernody. During the Indian war, and at the time Jackson was in command of the troops of this city, Pierre, then known to the citizens as a brave, honest, trustworthy man, was appointed by Jackson patroon, or captain of a government transport, to carry provisions to the troops stationed at fort Montgomery or fort Mims, and to those in camp near the present site of Mount Vernon. The undertaking was perilous, as at that time the whole country was infested with hostile Indians, and but few persons could be found to take charge of an expedition attended with so much risk of life. Pierre was, however, successful, and reached the troops in safety, with a supply of provisions, &c.

In 1810, during the ravages of yellow fever, Pierre rendered essential service to the city by taking care of the sick and protecting the property of the citizens. He and one or two other persons were compelled to act as nurses and sexton. The sickness and mortality were so great that was difficult to have the patients properly cared for—three, four or five bodies were taken at a time in a cart, and deposited in a pit. As a matter of course, all who could get away precipitately fled from the pestilence, leaving their property in charge of Pierre. He daily opened the stores for the purpose of ventilation and securing the goods from damage. On the return of the merchants in the Fall, they found every thing safe, and as some appreciation of his services and honesty, a subscription was at once taken up for his emancipation, also to purchase him a horse and dray. Since that period, his avocation as a drayman has enabled him to support his family quite handsomely, and at the same time amass a snug little property.

Pierre, until within a year or two past, enjoyed uninterrupted health, and always seemed happy and contented. No person in this community, whether white or black, was ever more highly esteemed, and no one in his sphere has been a more conspicuous, honest, benevolent and upright man. He always acted on the golden rule of doing unto others as he would be done by.

From the Memphis [Tenn.] Eagle.

ABOLITION PROOFS! STRONG AS POISON!!

Keep it before the People, That MILLARD FILLMORE has distinctly DISAVOWED the slightest wish or desire to interfere with the question of Slavery in the United States.

Keep it also before the People, That LEWIS CASS proclaimed in his place in the Senate, that he WOULD HAVE VOTED FOR THE WILMOT PROVISO, had it been brought forward during the session of 1846.

Keep it before the People, That MILLARD FILLMORE is denounced by the Abolitionists as a Traitor and a Doughface, because he recognises the institution of Slavery, and brought a bill into Congress to pay a master the value of a runaway slave.

Keep it before the People, That the Democratic papers dare not inform their readers that MILLARD FILLMORE VOTED IN FAVOUR OF THE FIRST OF THE ATHERTON RESOLUTIONS, which declares that Congress has NO JURISDICTION over the question of Slavery in the United States.

Keep it also before the People, That General CASS has proclaimed the MONSTROUS OPINION, that the question of Slavery in the newly acquired territory must be settled by the people thereof—thus giving to the INDIANS, MESTIZOES, ZAMBOES, and other coloured inhabitants of such territory, the right and power to exclude citizens of the South from establishing themselves, with their property, on the soil.

Keep it before the People, That MILLARD FILLMORE has always been a frank, open, and consistent politician; that he has not two sets of opinions, one for the North and the other for the South; that he does not, like VAN BUREN, boast of being "*a Northern man with Southern principles*," nor make professions at the eleventh hour to gull the South.

Keep it also before the People, That Southern Democrats are endeavouring to hold up LEWIS CASS as "*a Northern man with Southern principles*," JUST AS THEY DID VAN BUREN, and that LEWIS CASS IS AIDING TO PROPAGATE THE FRAUD, by causing to be circulated two editions of his life—one to reconcile slaveholders to his support, and the other to ingratiate himself with Northern Anti-Slavery men.

Keep it also before the people, That LEWIS CASS never was regarded in any other light than as a violent opponent of Slavery and a RECOGNISED CHAMPION OF THE WILMOT PROVISO, and that he only modified his opinions when he became a candidate for President; that even now *he has never written or uttered one syllable against the principle of the Proviso;* and that, when interrogated by his Northern friends on the subject, he pretends that the NOISE AND CONFUSION PREVENT HIM FROM EXPLAINING HIS VIEWS.

Keep it before the People, That Mr. YANCEY, a Southern Democrat, and Delegate from Alabama to the National Democratic Convention, refuses to sustain LEWIS CASS, pronouncing him *a politcal weathercock*. "ALL THINGS UNTO ALL MEN. AN ABOLITIONIST AT HEART, AND FALSE TO THE SOUTH."

Keep it before the People, That Mr. Fillmore declared in a public speech: "I DISAVOW, MOST UNEQUIVOCALLY, NOW AND FOREVER, ANY DESIRE TO INTERFERE WITH THE RIGHTS, OR WHAT IS CALLED THE PROPERTY, OF THE SOUTHERN STATES."

Keep it before the People, That Mr. Van Buren openly, in 1844, "*claimed* the power for Congress to legislate on Slavery in the District of Columbia," and that the Southern Locos made no objection to him on this account, but supported to a man, that "Northern man with Southern principles."

Keep it also before the People, That, in his pamphlet upon the right of search, Mr. Cass said: "We are no slaveholder. We never have been. We never shall be." *We deprecate its existence in principle, and pray for its abolition everywhere*, where this can be effected justly and peaceably, and easy for both parties."

Keep it before the People, That Mr. Cass does not opppse the Wilmot Proviso from principle, or from a sense of its injustice, but yields the principle, practically, and by an admission most insulting to the South—an open concession of the *superior* rights of the *coloured* inhabitants of those Territories, in his Nicholson letter, as follows:

"The question, it will be therefore seen, on examination, does not regard the exclusion of Slavery from a region where it now exists, but a prohibition against its introduction where it does not exist, and where, from the feelings of the inhabitants and the laws of nature, 'it is morally impossible,' as Mr. Buchanan says, that it can ever reestablish itself."

Keep it before the People, That the Whig National Convention promptly *repudiated* the Wilmot Proviso; that the resolution introduced in that body by Mr. Tilden, of Ohio, as follows—"*Resolved*, That, while all power is taken from Congress to interfere with Slavery in any of the States, it is within the power and it is the duty of Congress to prohibit the introduction or existence of Slavery in any territory now possessed, or that may be acquired"—was instantly denounced and voted down, only *five* voting in its favour out of 280 votes.

Keep it also before the People, That the Democratic National Convention *refused* to repudiate the Wilmot Proviso, and that Mr. Foreman, of Georgia, was compelled to withdraw his resolution to that effect, without a vote, from the fierce clamours of the Abolitionists of that body; that the said Convention refused to make any disclaimer of the Proviso, in reference to the "Territories;" that the resolution of Mr. Yancey, as follows—"*Resolved*, That the doctrine of non-interference with the right of property of any portion of the people of this Confederation, be it in the States or in the *Territories*, by any other than the parties interested in them, is the true republican doctrine recognised by this body"—was voted down, in that body, by a vote of 216 to *thirty-six!*—the Democrats thus refusing to concede that the rights of slaveholders were equal to those of the "coloured brethren" of the Territories.

Keep it also before the People, that the boasted doctrine asserted by the Democratic Review in 1840, and re-asserted by Secretary Walker in 1844, that "*Democracy puts forth principles which must in the end free the slave*," is fast approaching fulfilment, as is shown by the open fraternization of the old leaders and the masses of the Northern Democracy, headed by a late Democratic President—Martin Van Buren—with the Abolitionists and the enemies of the South.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—*Joshua A. Spencer*, a few days since, made a speech at Oswego in which he assailed MR. VAN BUREN for subserviency to the slave power. The *Palladium* thus retorts in some well put interrogatories:

"Now Joshua let us see what *you* were doing about the time you say that Mr. Van Buren was lending himself to the slave power. We have an indistinct recollection that *you* were one of a few individuals who headed a MOB *to prevent the holding of an Abolition meeting in Utica*. If we recollect right the meeting was BROKEN UP through the influence of *yourself and others who acted with you*—that the friends of emancipation were *dispersed* through *your* agency, and compelled to go to Peterboro to transact their business!- You recollect these things, do you not? If you do, we would like to know with what grace you ask people to trust you, when you are afraid to trust Mr. Van Buren, who has committed less aggravated sins? Come, speak out! If you concede that *you* are not to be believed *yourself*, perhaps we will concede that Mr. Van Buren is not."

From the (Worcester,) Massachusetts Spy.

REV. MR. LAMB AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

The following communication explains itself. It is from a gentleman who, from his infancy, has resided in Northborough, except while absent in the army. He sustains an irreproachable character, and we are assured by one who has known him ten years, that he is a man "who could not be induced, by any means, to make any statements, which are not strictly correct." Perhaps the *Senator expectant* of the *lying* Whig, can induce the very worthy Rev. Mr. Lamb to send forth another pious epistle, to bolster up the bloodhound candidate. If he should do so, we would suggest the propriety of confining himself to the truth; for there are living witnesses all over the country, who will not silently see truth libelled, even by a reverend clergyman.

NORTHBOROUGH, Oct. 10th, 1848.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPY—*Dear Sir*:—I have seen a letter in the True Whig of the 5th, published at Worcester, from Rev. H. J. Lamb, of Peterboro', N. H. relative to the character of General Taylor, which is calculated to deceive the public mind, and to mislead people who know nothing of his character. Now I would not say a word derogatory of Mr. Lamb. He laboured zealously to do good while he was at Fort Jesup, especially in the temperance cause—and he treated me and all the rest of the men there, so far as I know, with civility and kindness; but I have seen as much of General Taylor as he has, having served in the army under him, two years at Fort Jesup, and through his campain in Mexico, until after the battle of Buena Vista. Mr. Lamb's letter contains statements which are false, and ought to be contradicted. As regards General Taylor's habits, he is a man of retired and secluded habits, and naturally of a very irritable temper; and although not in the constant habit of swearing, he is sure to curse when he is irritated, and that was very often the case while he was with the army. For instance, upon one occasion, when he was crossing a river in a boat that was ferried by means of a rope, stretched across the river, when they were in the middle of the stream, the hands of the men slipped from the rope, and the boat went down with the current; the men caught the oars to pull back to the rope, and one of them in his excitement gave the first pull the wrong way. The General saw him, and flew into a violent passion, and cursed him for a fool, and other hard names; struck him, nearly knocking him out of the boat. Another time at the battle of Monterey, he sent an order, by another officer, to Captain H. W. Merrill, of the 2d Dragoons, in whose company I served, which order was not given correctly, and when the General afterwards saw Merrill in the wrong place, he cursed and abused him in the most violent language, would hear of no excuse, nor explanation; but some days afterwards, when he found out where the fault was, he sent for Merrill, and apologized to him.

On these and other occasions, which it is needless to mention, I have heard him swear very badly. I never heard him express himself upon political questions, although just before the troops left Fort Jesup he wrote a sort of an address, and had it read to the men as they were drawn up in form of dress parade, wherein he spoke approvingly of annexation, and other measures of the administration, urging the officers and men, to be united, and closing with that old motto, "United, we stand; divided we fall." It was a very flat mess of stuff, and the men that stood near me could scarcely refrain from laughing in the ranks. I wish I had a copy of it to send you. I think all who would read it would be inclined to believe him, *when he says he is not qualified for the office of President.*"

Mr. Lamb says he was invariably present at Public worship on the Sabbath. His memory must serve him very badly. General Taylor did not attend public worship more than a third part of the time. I attended as often as that myself, and I never saw him there but once or twice; and I often used to ask of persons, who attended when I did not, if General Taylor and other officers that I mentioned, were present; and I almost always received a negative answer, with respect to the General. The assertions about the instruction and piety of his negroes, are equally incorrect.

As regards General Taylor's connection with the temperance reform, the library, &c., at Fort Jesup: he had nothing to do with them at all, more than to countenance them and not give a direct order to put them down: which no man would do except he were a fiend in human shape. The temperance society was formed in the absence of General Taylor, while Colonel Twiggs, (now General Twiggs) had command of the post; and he was called the father of the society, and did more for it, and set a brighter example in temperance, than any other officer there. The proposition for a library was first made by some non-commissioned officers and privates. Subscription lists were started by them, and most of the money subscribed by them. The project was made known to the officers, and some of them contributed liberally towards it. I do not recollect whether General Taylor did or not. We sent the money to New York and bought a nice library of the Harpers of nearly a thousand volumes; and it was certainly a great privilege that General Taylor allowed us to meet together evenings to promote temperance, and to take our own books and read them. Could any man do less?

One of the laws of our temperance society was that if any man was known to violate his pledge, he was turned out of the society, and his name was published in some conspicuous place.

Mr. Lamb was one of the first to suffer the penalty. Such a temperance man is General Taylor. Like Mr. Lamb, I never saw him drink spirits or wine; but I have no doubt he did occasionally, for upon one occasion, the 4th of July next after the battle of Palo Alto at Matamoras, I knew him to be intoxicated, and I have heard of his being so upon other occasions. I do not mean to give the impression that he was in the habit of getting intoxicated—far from it. He is a man of generally temperate habits and sets an example worthy to be followed by the officers under him who are generally the most profane, lewd, drunken set of men in the army. But when a man here at the North undertakes to deceive people who know nothing of him and makes him out a saint, or second Washington, it is time the truth is told. But if General Taylor has really such a decided preference for Northern measures and institutions, and is anxious to do so much for emancipation, as Mr. Lamb says: why did he not, at the close of the war, stop purchasing negroes, instead of buying more, so that with his 250 slaves he is able to cast, in effect, 150 votes to your one? Propose this question for the consideration of Mr. Lamb, perhaps he can reconcile his actions with his inclinations; but I cannot.

Yours, with respect, S. J. JR.

OPENING OF NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE CESSION OF CUBA TO THE UNITED STATES.

Among the items of foreign intelligence received by the last steamer from Europe, not the least important, but probably the most so, is the news contained in our correspondence from Madrid, of the actual opening of negotiations between the United States Government and that of Spain, for the cession of the island of Cuba to this republic. Of the accuracy of the intelligence communicated by our correspondent, we have no reason to doubt. It comes from the midst of diplomatic circles in Madrid, among whom exist the only means of ascertaining the existence of such negotiations, beyond the bureaus of the two Governments concerned in the affair. Its truth and accuracy, in general terms, have been confirmed in our opinions by a variety of incidents that have taken place on this side of the Atlantic, as well as on the other.

It may be recollected that, a few weeks ago, we published an extract from a Madrid letter, which first appeared in a London paper, containing a qualified contradiction, under the authority of Mr. Saunders himself, the American Minister at the court of Madrid, to a report then in circulation that a negotiation of the kind was on foot between the American Government and General Lopez, but which really had nothing to do with the matter. We believe that our correspondent at Madrid gives the most accurate view of the present situation of the affair. According to his account, the negotiation was opened in the shape of an inquiry on the part of the American Government, whether the Spanish Government would treat on the subject of ceding Cuba at all. This movement, it seems, was commenced in July or August last; and, accordingly, instructions must have been sent from Washington to the American Minister about the time of the adjournment of the last session of Congress. The matter, therefore, may be considered as having made some progress; and, perhaps, the Government at Washington expects intelligence on the subject in a few weeks, of course favourable to the project of acquiring that valuable and rich Island.

This subject will, of course, produce, as soon as its authenticity is satisfactorily developed, a prodigious sensation throughout the United States and Europe. In this country there is a large party favourable to the acquisition of that island, principally confined to the South, and scattered through the West. No doubt can be entertained but that the white inhabitants of Cuba, the owners of the soil, would be delighted at the transfer of that sovereignty to the United States in preference to any other country. A transfer of it to the British Government would at once seal their fate, and accelerate downward the destiny of that fair island. The ruin of the British West Indies, and recently that of the French West Indies, would soon be followed by the complete downfall of Cuba, if she were to become an appendage to the British Government in any shape. The only salvation for Cuba, in its present condition, rests in its incorporation into the American Union, and its becoming one of the confederated States of this Republic. Probably the serious aspect of affairs in Europe may have influenced the Spanish Government to listen to such a proposition from the American Minister; but there can be no doubt that for some years past there has existed a disposition in the Government of Spain to sell Cuba to the best purchasers, in order to get rid of its liability and debts, which have been a bar to the progress of that fine country for many years past. Of course, the first idea of sale, would naturally bring to mind that the British Government would be the best purchaser, because that power could throw obstacles in the way of a sale to any other. The new condition of things in Europe, by the spread of the revolutionary spirit there, and the new position of the United States, by the successful termination of the war with Mexico, and the exhibition of our national power, may be said to open a new field for the transfer, and successful transfer, of the island of Cuba to the United States, without any hostility on the part of Great Britain, or any other Government. As to the purchase money, whether it is fifty, or a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, we have not the slightest doubt but that the inhabitants of Cuba would cheerfully assume the whole of it, and become responsible for it to the treasury of the United States, if such a negotiation could be effected within a reasonable time.

This question, we have no doubt, will create a great commotion throughout the country, and produce a multitude of conflicting opinions in different parts of the Republic. There is a large party in the North hostile to any such acquisition, but in the South and South-west, we are perfectly satisfied, that the cession of Cuba to the United States would be hailed with unanimity and acclamation. That island would add materially to the power of the United States, and there are commercial and manufacturing interests in the North sufficient to neutralize, if properly developed, all the hostility of the fanatics and others, who might unite in attempting to defeat such a magnificent acquisition as that rich and valuable Island. We have much more to say on this subject.—*Herald.*

From the Herald.

OUR SPANISH CORRESPONDENCE.

MADRID, Sept. 19, 1848.

Highly Important Intelligence from Spain—Negotiations for the Cession of Cuba to the United States—Probable Success.

It is not often that there is information of an interesting nature to the United States, worth the trouble or expense of a correspondent, from this far-famed capitol; but, during the last few weeks, certain matters have come to light, concerning the relations between the United States and Spain, which present points of the deepest importance to both of those countries, and to the world at large; and which, when fully known, will, no doubt, create a great sensation throughout England, and the whole of Europe. I have reference to negotiations which have recently been opened on the part of the United States with the Spanish Ministry here, for the cession of the island of Cuba to the United States, on the payment of a considerable sum of money. I speak of matters, you will observe, which, at present, are only known among the diplomatic *corps*, but which will probably get into the newspapers, and become a general subject of European remark, in a short time.

As far as I can ascertain the facts, from the best diplomatic sources, and in every possible way, I learn that, in July or August last, the United States Government sent a despach, through Mr. Sawyer, Secretary of Legation, addressed to Mr. Saunders, the American Minister here, containing directions for him to sound the Spanish Government, on their dispositions to sell or cede the island of Cuba to the United, and, if such a purpose could be accomplished, to commence negotiations as secretly and as fast as possible, so as to prevent opposition or hostility from the British, or other Governments. Mr. Sawyer has been here for some time, and Mr. Saunders, I understand, has been taking some steps in the matter, but, in consequence of his utter ignorance of the modern languages, either Spanish or French, he finds a great deal of difficulty in the way, and is thrown into the hands of other diplomatists, who will use the information which they receive, through such a chance to defeat the general object of the mission. It is remarkable how the ministers of the United States are selected; and the topic is frequently noticed among the diplomatic body in this capitol and in other parts of this Continent, that the American Government sends men, as its representatives abroad, who are utterly unacquainted with foreign affairs or foreign languages, and entirely incompetent to conduct important negotiations without the assistance of other diplomatists, who laugh and ridicule them, instead of selecting men, suited by talent and education, experienced linguists, accomplished jurists or natural diplomatists. I have not yet been able to learn the terms which the United States have offered for the cession of Cuba, but of the opening of negotiations for that purpose there can be no doubt. It is true that a short time ago some publication was made on the subject, denying any wish, on the part of the United States, for the acquisition of that island; but it was well understood, at the time the denial was made, that it was directed to some erroneous assertions on the general question, and the motive for putting it forth was to throw the British and other ministries hostile to such a movement, off their guard as far as possible. There can be no question, as I have already stated, of the opening of negotiations on this subject; but the success of Mr. Saunders's mission seems to be more susceptible of doubt.

It is well known here, among diplomatists, that when the difficulty occurred between the United States and England, relative to Oregon, a most extraordinary

into Spain, and assist the Government here, for the benefit of Queen Christina, in spite of the hostility of England, who would, in the event of a war, have enough to do with the United States. All these grand schemes were, however, nipped in the bud by the French revolution in February last, and by the Mexican war, which, in connection with the settlement of the Oregon question, presented cheeks and difficulties to the intrigues concocted by Louis Philippe and Queen Christina.

The old purpose of selling Cuba to England is now revived by the present Spanish government, but with this important difference, that the Government of the United States is to be the purchaser, instead of that of England. It is believed by the Spanish Government that the United States would pay a larger sum for such a cession than England would, and, further, that it would be of more advantage to the Spanish people, in every point of view, that that island should belong to the United States, rather than to England, or any other European power. Another circumstance, in favour of this view, is the well known fact, that the Spanish inhabitants of Cuba would be willing to be transferred to the United States, and would hail it as for their interests, while they would revolt at, and repudiate, any cession of it to the British Government, from which they would have nothing to expect but a policy similar to that which has ruined Jamaica and the British West India islands.

The idea of selling Cuba to some one, is, therefore, not new. It originated several years ago, and negotiations for the cession of it to Great Britain, were actually opened in the way I have pointed out. The present state of affairs in Europe has disposed the Spanish Government to look for a new purchaser, and that purchaser is the United States. Accordingly, negotiations, with that object in view, may be said to be opened by the despatch which was sent through Mr. Sawyer, the Secretary of Legation, in August last, and delivered by him to Mr. Saunders, the American Minister at the Court of Madrid.

I am not able to inform you of what progress has been made in these negotiations, but I shall endeavour to ascertain, and inform you by the next British steamer, and give you all the additional information in my power. Mr. Saunders, I believe, made only an informal inquiry as to the disposition of the Spanish Government in the matter; but it is very certain that, several times, one of the Spanish ministers, on the occasion of *soirées* given by the Queen in this capitol let out such information on the general subject as called forth from the press, here and elsewhere, the immaterial and merely diplomatic contradiction I have referred to, which, in fact, amounted to no contradiction at all. Thus matters stand at present; but there can be no doubt that, if Mr. Saunders, or any one connected with the American embassy here, understood either the French or the Spanish language, and had as much knowledge of good manners as they have of chewing tobacco, or as intimate an acquaintance with diplomacy as they have with tar and turpentine, they would be able to purchase Cuba in less than two months, and transmit the bill of sale to Washington in nearly as short a time.

You will hear from me again soon, as soon as I learn further particulars connected with this important proceeding.

From the Campaign of Freedom.

THE DIFFERENCE IN REPRESENTATION.—The following lucid and able statement of the difference of Representation at the North and South, and the undue advantages enjoyed by the South over the North in that respect, derives additional authority from the fact that it is well understood to be from the pen of Hon. Charles H. Ruggles, of the Court of Appeals, whose great reputation as a Judge, adds lustre to the spotless integrity and amiability of his private life. The good cause could have no better champion.

It is among the greatest of the triumphs of the Free Soil movement, that it is daily drawing over to its support all the wise and good of the land. How can such a party fail?

Here is Judge Ruggles's article:—

[For the Northern Light.]

By the Constitution of the United States, Art. I. Sec. 2. Representation in Congress is to be apportioned among the several States within the Union, according to their respective numbers; which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, three-fifths of all slaves.

The adoption of this clause, in the Convention, was regarded as a compromise between the North and South. The country was then comparatively weak, the population of the States collectively, not amounting to four millions, and the slaves being about half a million in number. Their rapid increase was not foreseen, or expected. In 1840, the number of slaves in the United States, was 2,487,355; in round numbers two millions and a half.

In apportioning the representation in Congress among the States, slaves are counted; that is to say, every five slaves, (including both sexes and all ages,) are counted as equal to three white persons; and thus the 2,487,355 slaves are of equal weight in determining the number of members of Congress, in the slave States, to 1,492,413, free white persons.

By the ratio of representation established in 1842, founded on the census of 1840, every 70,680 persons are entitled to one member of the House of Representatives. The slave States have therefore on the strength of their slaves, *twenty one* members of that house.

This is equal to the entire representation of the five States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

It is equal to the whole representation of the free State of Ohio, and nearly equal to that of Pennsylvania. It is nearly two-thirds of that of the State of New York. It is equal to the representation of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. It is greater than that of the States of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

It is just seven times as great as that of the two young and vigorous States of Wisconsin and Iowa.

Again, South Carolina by the census of 1840, has a free population of 267,360: this entitles her to three members of the House of Representatives, with a fraction or overplus of 55,320 people. It seems that four members were awarded to her on the basis of her white population. She has a slave population of 327,038. Three-fifths of her slaves are 196,222; this divided by 70,680, (the ratio of representation,) would give her two members, with a fraction or overplus of 54,862. She has in the House of Representatives, seven members, and must, therefore, have been awarded four members on the basis of her free population, and three on the basis of her slaves. But the whole seven, are elected by her free population, who are the only constituents, and the only persons whose interests are represented. Divide the free population 267,360, by the number of Representatives, (seven) and it will be found that in in South Carolina, every 38,194 free persons have a member of the House of Representatives. But in the State of New York and in every free State, there is only one member for every 70,680 free inhabitants. Thus the slaveholders have nearly double the representation in that House, that the same number of citizens in New York have.

This is unjust and unequal, if it be regarded as a representation founded on numbers. It is more unjust and unequal if it be regarded as a representation founded on property; because you may select in the State of New York a portion of its population equal to the population of South Carolina, who are worth twice the whole State of South Carolina, counting every negro worth his value, and all other property at the same rate.

Nevertheless, these citizens of New York have in the House of Representative, only a little over half the number of members, which the same number of the free people of South Carolina have.

Take another example. Florida, by the census of 1840, contained 54,477 people; of whom 25,717 were slaves. The free population, therefore, was only 28,760, and yet it has a representative in Congress and two Senators. In the Senate of the United States, its political power is equal to that of New York. But compare the representation of the lower House with that of New York. Take the census of New York for 1840, and give us a member of Congress for every 28,760 inhabitants, (the number of free people in Florida,) and instead of sending thirty-four members, this State should send eighty-four.

But the slaveholders are not satisfied with this enormous disparity of political power; they demand more and threaten to dissolve the Union, if they do not obtain it. They demand that in the new territory now free, freedom shall be abolished and Slavery established.

They have three objects in view, all of which they will attain if they succeed in covering the new territory with the curse of Slavery.

1st. A slave market for Virginia and the Northern slave States, who make slave breeding a business.

2d. The exclusive benefit of the whole territory for the purposes of settlement. What northern freemen can settle there to cultivate the earth, by the side of these negro slaves?

A slave State is governed by slaveholders. They are the only men of influence and consideration in it. Rich or poor, a free man without slaves is a cypher in their social and political circles. *If Slavery is tolerated there, the whole territory is not worth a dollar to the people of the free States.*

But, thirdly, the darling object of the southern leaders, is to erect new slave States, and to outnumber the North in the Senate of the Union. This subjects the North to the domination of the South. It establishes the power of the slaveholders throughout the Union. It enables the minority to govern the majority, one-third to govern two-thirds.

The new territory is sufficiently large to make ten new States. Suppose them admitted, when they become as ripe for admission as Florida was, that is to say, when they have a population of 28,000 whites and 25,000 blacks. Then you will see twenty slaveholders in the Senate of the United States and ten members of the other house, all based upon a population, (counting the free only) of less than one-eighth part of that of the State of New York.

The Compromise in the Constitution by which five slaves count as three white men in apportioning political power among the States, was wrongfully extorted from the North in the Convention.

The States were then weak. The public safety required that the confederacy should be strengthened as much as possible. The British had not then delivered possession of the military posts, within the limits of our territories as established by the treaty of 1783. The country was threatened with another war with England. The southern States not only exacted this inequality of representation, but they demanded and obtained, the privilege of continuing the African slave trade for twenty years, in order to make this inequality greater. By the 9th section of the Constitution, the importation of slaves could not be prohibited by Congress until 1808. These were hard terms, imposed by the South upon the North, to which the North consented for the sake of giving strength to the Union; and out of regard to the common safety of the infant republic.

Nevertheless, the North does not seek to disturb those compromises. We stand by the Constitution and all its provisions. We do not seek to take away a single right which the South can claim justly under it. But we may stop here. The Constitution imposes on us no obligations to add to the dominion of the slaveholder, another foot of soil, whether the soil be free or not. The spirit of that instrument, the genius of a Republican Government, the object and design of her free institutions, the progress of liberal opinion here and everywhere, (except in the slave States,) and the honour of our great country, demand that human Slavery shall not be carried by law into the lands where it does not now exist.

The free States of the North and West have a deep and vital interest in this question. The establishment of Slavery in New Mexico and California will transfer to the South what remains of political power and influence in the free States. It will deliver us and our country, over to the dominion of that disciplined band of slaveholders, whose project of ruling the country depends on the decision of this question; and which, whenever the question presents itself, speaks with one voice, holding out in one hand the whole patronage of the Government as the reward of whatever recreants and traitors they can seduce from the free States, and brandishing in the other, the sword of defiance and disunion, continually offering the allurements of official honours and emoluments for submission to their unholy demands; and breathing vengeance and threatening slaughter to all who resist. The game has been played long enough. Thank God, the North and West are awakened to a proper sense of the danger that awaits them; and if the free States are true to themselves and the country, they will save both.

"THE NEW STATES."

The following table will show the time when the 'New States," or those not included in the "Old Thirteen," were admitted into the Union:

Vermont was originally a part of New York, and was admitted into the Union June 1, 1791.

Kentucky, formerly a part of Virginia, admitted into the Union June, 1792.

Tennessee, formed of Territory ceded to the United States by the State of North Carolina, admitted into the Union June 1, 1796.

Ohio, formed out of part of the territory northwest of the river Ohio, admitted into the Union November 29, 1796.

Louisiana, formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by France, received into the Union April 8, 1812.

Indiana formed out of part of the North west Territory, ceded to the United States by Virginia, admitted into the Union December 11, 1816.

Mississippi, formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by the State of South Carolina, admitted into the Union December 10, 1817.

Illinois, formed out of a part of the North western territory, admitted in the Union December 3, 1818.

Alabama, formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by South Carolina and Georgia, admitted into the Union December 15, 1818.

Maine, formed out of a part of Massachusetts, admitted, into the Union March 15, 1820.

Missouri, formed out of a part of the territory ceded by France by the treaty of April 30, 1783, admitted into the Union August 10, 1821; after the adoption of the noted compromise line excluding Slavery from all territory north of 36 degrees, 30 minutes, west of the Mississippi, saving States of territories already formed.

Arkansas, formed of part of the same territory, admitted June 15, 1838.

Michigan, formed of part of the territory ceded to the United States by Virginia, admitted into the Union January 26th, 1837.

Florida, formed out of the territory ceded by Spain to the United States by treaty of February 2, 1819, admitted into the Union March 3, 1845.

Texas, an independent republic, admitted into the United States by a joint resolution of Congress, approved March 28, 1845.

Iowa, admitted into the Union December 26, 1846.

Wisconsin, an act was passed March 3d, 1848, to admit this territory into the Union, upon the condition that the people adopt the constitution passed December 16, 1846. The constitution was rejected; but the people having subsequently agreed upon a constitution the State was admitted into the Union by act of Congress of 29th May, 1848.

Territories.—Nebraska; bill reported to fix boundaries January 7, 1845,—but no action on the subject.

Oregon; bill to establish a Territorial Government passed House of Representatives January 15, 1847—no final action on the subject in the Senate during that session, when in 1848 a bill passed both houses of Congress, and was approved by the President on the 15th August, establishing a Territorial Government.

Minesota; bill to establish a Territorial Government passed the House February 17, 1848.—referred to Judiciary Committee in Senate, but no further action on the subject.—*Journal of Commerce.*

WEBSTER AND VAN BUREN.

The great Massachusetts and Marshfield Whig comes out to charge Mr. Van Buren with pro-slavery in 1836, and to doubt his sincerity *now* for sentiments uttered *prior* to 1840. It is now Daniel Webster's turn to defend his *present* sincerity. In October, 1840, the "dark-eyed Senator went to Richmond, Virginia, and there made an argument in support of Harrison, and in defence of himself. In the Boston Courier of October 12th of that year, we find this speech at full length, and from it we make the following extract:—

"But I have one word to say to you, my friends, upon this important topic; and it is to repeat my desire that you will read what I have before spoken, and that you will remember what I now say, that I hold, by the Constitution of the United States, that *Congress is absolutely precluded from interfering in any manner*, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, *with the institution of Slavery.*—[Loud cheers, with cries of "Say that again."]—Well, I will say it again, and I wish you to remember what I say. I will repeat it—and I wish you to repeat it wherever you go—spread it abroad upon the wings of the wind, that I, DANIEL WEBSTER, here, in front of the Capital of Virginia—in the month of October, 1840—with yon October sun shining full upon me—in the midst of this assembly—before the whole country—and with all the responsibility that attaches to me—or to my name in any way—declare, that THERE IS NO POWER EITHER IN CONGRESS OR THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE TO INTERFERE WITH THE INSTITUTION OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY." [Tremendous cheers, and cries of "That's two thousand votes for Harrison."]

No wonder, then, that in his recent Marshfield speech, Mr. Webster should say, as he did:—

"But really, speaking for myself, I should think that if I were to express confidence in Mr. Van Buren and his politics *on any question*, and especially on this very question of Slavery, I think the scene would border on the ludicrous, not to say contemptible.

"And if he and I were to find ourselves together, under the Free Soil flag, I am sure that with his accustomed good nature, he would laugh."

Mr. Webster probably had forgotten that in his speech on the Three Million Bill, in March, 1847, he did happen to say—when speaking of the Annexation of Texas:—

"*The prudence of Mr. Van Buren stifled the project for a time*, but in the latter part of the administration of Mr. Tyler, it was revived."

That looks some like expressing confidence.—*Albany Atlas.*

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM W. BROWN.—A new edition (the third) of this interesting and attractive work has just been published. We are glad of the success which attended the sale of the two previous editions, five thousand copies having been sold in less than a year, and hopes that an equal success awaits this. Mr. Brown has prefixed to this edition a new preface, which we give in full, inasmuch as it contains a letter from the man who claims to be the the *owner* of W. W. Brown. This letter, we understand, has not before been published.—M.

PREFACE.

When I first published this Narrative, the public had no evidence whatever that I had been a slave, except my own story. As soon as the work came from the press, I sent several copies to slaveholders residing at the South, with whom I was acquainted; and among others, one to Mr. Enoch Price, the man who claims my body and soul as his property, and from whom I had run away. A few weeks after the Narrative was sent, Edmund Quincy, Esq., received the following letter from Mr. Price. It tells his own story, and forever settles the question of my having been a slave. Here is the letter:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 10th, 1848.

SIR:—I received a pamphlet or a Narrative, so called on the title-page, of the Life of William W. Brown, a fugitive slave, purporting to have been written by himself; and in his book I see a letter from you to said William W. Brown. This said Brown is named Sanford; he is a slave belonging to me, and ran away from me the first day of January, 1834. Now I see many things in his book that are not true, and a part of it as near true as a man could recollect after so long a time. I purchased him of Mr. S. Willi, the last of September, 1833. I paid six hundred and fifty dollars for him. If I had wanted to speculate on him, I could have sold him for three times as much as I paid for him. I was offered two thousand dollars for him in New Orleans, at one time, and fifteen hundred dollars for him, at another time, in Louisville, Kentucky. But I would not sell him. I was told that he was going to run away, but I did not believe the man, for I had so much confidence in Sanford. I want you to see him, and see if what I say is not the truth. I do not want him as a slave, but I think that his friends who sustain him and give him the right hand of fellowship, or he himself could afford to pay my agent in Boston, three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and I will give him free papers, so that he may go wherever he wishes to. Then he can visit St. Louis, or any other place he may wish.

This amount is just half that I paid for him. Now, if this offer suits Mr. Brown, and the Anti-Slavery Society of Boston, or Massachusetts, let me know, and I will give you the name of my agent in Boston, and forward the papers, to be given to William W. Brown as soon as the money is paid. Yours, respectfully,

E. PRICE.

To EDMUND QUINCY, Esq.

Mr. Price says that he sees many things in my book which are not true, and a part of it as near true as a man could recollect after so long a time. As I was with Mr. Price only three months, and have devoted only six pages to him and his family, he can know but little about my Narrative, except that part which speaks of him. But I am willing to avail myself of his testimony, for he says that a part of it is true.

But I cannot accept of Mr. Price's offer to become a purchaser of my body and soul. God made me as free as he did Enoch Price, and Mr. Price shall never receive a dollar from me, or my friends with my consent.

W. W. BROWN.

INDIANA FRIENDS, AND THE WESLEYANS.—At the recent Conference of the True Wesleyans in this city, a letter was read from the Yearly Meeting of Indiana, touching various sources of national and social evil, such as War, Intemperance, Capital Punishment, and Slavery. Upon the latter subject they say:

It is comfortable to us to acknowledge that you have proved to the world your hostility to Slavery and your desire to promote the emancipation from the iron yoke of bondage the three millions of our brethren and sisters, who, in this land of boasted liberty, are deprived of all their rights, and subjected to all the wrongs that man can inflict upon his fellow. Yet we feel concerned to suggest to you the important inquiry, whether you, or at least many of you, are not really neglecting a material part of your duty; or rather, whether you are not giving support to the system which you so much abhor and condemn, by purchasing and using its products? What more effective aid can we give any system that is carried on for gain, than to purchase the proceeds of that system, and thus furnish at the same time, both the means of carrying it on, and the gain for which it is carried on? Would Slavery be continued were there not a market for its products? Certainly not. Is it not clearly the duty, then, of all Anti-Slavery people to refrain? And if all will not refrain, is it any the less the duty of each? Is not Slavery a system of robbery?—and is there not a great wrong in the practice of purchasing, trafficking in, and using the fruits of robbery? We cannot, at present, go extensively into the merits of this question, but we beg you to give the whole subject a careful and candid examination, and see if you do not find that there is great importance in it, and if it is not your duty to make this one more sacrifice on the altar of Truth, by endeavouring to the utmost of your power, to abstain from the blood-stained productions of this monstrous system of iniquity.

In conclusion, dear brethren, permit us to express the hope that you will receive this communication as a token of our love to you, and of our earnest desires to promote the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth. May the Lord direct your hearts in wisdom, to the advancement of the blessed work. And now in the love of the gospel, we bid you farewell.

Signed by direction of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends, held by adjournment from the 30th of the 9th month, to 5th of the 10th month, inclusive, 1847. WALTER EDGERTON, } Clerks.
REBECCA EDGERTON, }

Copied and forwarded, by direction of the meeting aforesaid, by BENJ. STANTON, Correspondent.

The Wesleyans replied in a sympathising spirit to all the views advanced by the Friends, and close their letter as follows:

We feel cordially to reciprocate on the subject of temperance, your hopes, wishes, and prayers. May God in mercy hasten the time, when through the labours of the good and philanthropic, the moral force and power of truth, this wide wasting scourge shall cease to sweep our land as with the besom of destruction.

On the subject of the use of slave grown produce, we have to confess that the question of the duty of abstinence therefrom has not been so generally and widely discussed and examined as other parts of the Anti Slavery enterprise, and of course to many of our people the subject is new. But a candid examination of the argument brings us to the conclusion that it is inconsistent to say the least of it, to profess to oppose Slavery and seek its overthrow, and at the same time furnish the means and the motive for its continuance by the indiscriminate purchase of its products. We hope however, by the faithful application of truth, that our people, together with all the opponents of oppression, may soon see the propriety of using every means, and each instrumentality in their power, to hasten the downfall of this vile and iniquitous system, that "Liberty may be proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

May that God whose blessed gospel has quickened us all who were once dead in trespasses and sins, prepare and qualify us for every good word and work.

With the most sincere regard we remain your brethren in Christ.

Signed in behalf of the General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America, held in the city of New York, October 4, 1848.

DANIEL WORTH, Pres't.
L. C. MATLACK, Sec'y.

FREE SOIL IN THE SLAVE STATES.—A correspondent furnishes us with the following notices of public opinion in the slaveholding States:

"Senator Bell addressed a Whig mass meeting at Murfreesborough, Tennessee, on the 21st September, at which he frankly admitted he did not know what General Taylor would do, if elected, on the subject of the Wilmot Proviso—that he did not want him to say what he would do—and that if General Taylor were to say that he would veto the Wilmot Proviso, when applied to New Mexico and California, he, General Taylor, would not get a single Northern State. Instead of being received with apathy, this declaration of Mr. Bell was well received. Parson Brownslow, of the Jonesborough Whig, a Taylor paper, represents the Free Soil feeling to be very strong in East Tennessee, and gives the names of several clergymen who openly advocate abolitionism from the pulpit. The parson states that the free negroes are quite numerous in that section, and that they are treated very respectfully by the whites. Although he is strongly opposed to all interference with the institutions of the South, Mr. Brownslow gives it as his decided opinion, should a free electoral ticket be formed, with the assistance of a few bold and talented orators, that the Van Buren party would carry that section of the State. Thus, Free Soil is taking root at length in the South; a result, of all others, which the Free Soil party would most desire."

In Maryland too, where the Van Buren party has been fairly organized, considerable enthusiasm exists for Free Soil. The Cecil Whig, in referring to the formation of an electoral ticket in that State, says:—

"We trust none of the Whigs of this county who are in favour of Free Soil, will be led off to support the above ticket. But few can possibly be induced to do so, and they so far from showing the strength of those inclined that way, (which seems to be the object,) would, in fact, rob them of their strength, apparently. It is utterly useless for Whigs to throw away their votes in any such manner. They would do no service to the Free Soil question, and only lend their aid to locofocoism, and all its attendant train of evils. A schism in New York lost us Clay in 1844—let no third ticket endanger Maryland now. Vote for Taylor, gentlemen, the day has not yet arrived to vote for Free Soil in Maryland."—*E. Post.*

WILLIAM LEGGETT.—That sincere and consistant democrat thus expressed himself ten years ago:

"Abolition is, in my sense, a necessary and a glorious part of Democracy; and I hold the right and the duty to discuss Slavery, and to expose its hideous evils in all its bearings, social, moral and political, as of infinitely higher moment than to carry fifty sub-treasury bills.

To be an Abolitionist is to be an incendiary now, as three years ago, to be an anti-monopolist was to be a leveller and a Jack Cade. See what those three short years have done in effecting the anti-monopoly reform; and depend upon it, the next three years—or if not three, say three times three, if you please—will work a greater revolution on the Slavery question. The stream of public opinion now sets against us, but it is about to turn, and the regurgitation will be tremendous. Proud in that day may well be the man who can float in triumph on the first refluent wave, swept on by the deluge which he himself, in advance of his fellows, had largely shared in occasioning. Such be my fate! and, living or dead, it will in some measure be mine. I have written my name in ineffaceable letters on the abolition record; and whether the reward ultimately come in the shape of honours to the living man, or a tribute to the memory of a departed one, I would not forfeit my right to it, for as many offices as the President has in his gift, if each of them were greater than his own."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1848.

"The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen."

(*Second notice.*)

The story of Columbus, no matter how often repeated, can never lose the freshness of its interest, so happily are the ideal and real blended in it. The inspired faith of the great discoverer, sailing, as his sailors imagined, down the huge western slope of the world up which there could be no return, and the splendid tangible result, are such as can never be repeated. It is only by solitary voyages across purely ideal oceans that New Worlds can be discovered now. But the Columbus of such continents can send back no feather-cinctured islanders, no fruits and plants to convince the unbelieving, and it is only in the very few that the record of his trials and his constancy excites deep emotion. But Columbus stands entirely alone. Only he was inspired by Faith and not Hope; only he left an unbelieving and not an expectant world behind him.

The great Genoese, like other original discoverers, was a fanatic. His zealous faith, turned in whatever direction, has the same intensity, and leaps over all intermediate and subordinate particulars to the result. One chief object which he proposed to himself in exploring what he supposed would be a shorter passage to Indies, was that, in this way an army might be conducted by an easier route to Jerusalem to prosecute a new Crusade. Could Columbus have had a prophetic vision of the horrible fleet, freighted with its cargoes of festering humanity, that was to follow in his track, could he have known that those chains which were brought back with his ashes from Spain to St. Domingo were emblematic of the cruel Slavery which his magnificent enterprise entailed upon the hemisphere he discovered, perhaps he would have died in Genoa, known only as a dreamer to a few intimates.

Columbus found in Hispaniola a race of simple and happy islanders, nearer to the Jesus of whom they had never heard than was that Christendom to whom the uncomprehended legacy of the gospel has been bequeathed. They had Christianity in all but the name, and Columbus brought them the Cross. He himself says of them. "I knew they were people that would deliver themselves better to the Christian faith, and be converted more through love than by force." Yet Columbus with his own hand sowed the fatal seed from which sprang the horrible system of Slavery. Let us not be too hasty in judging him. The truth is that he was so absorbed in ulterior objects, so desirous of convincing Ferdinand and Isabella that the new world he had given them would bring a revenue to Spain, that men were either wholly disregarded by him, or looked upon merely as the pawns upon the great chess-board where he was playing his game with the eyes of all Europe upon him.

As long as Isabella lived, though she was probably more sincerely anxious than any one else for the Christianization and the consequent salvation of the nations of her new possessions, her woman's heart instinctively recoiled from any attempt, however daintily veiled, to enslave them. Amid eager steelclad adventurers who hid the avaricious heart under the red cross, and cunning, cowled marauders lusting for spiritual dominion, with what a gracious light does her image seem invested, covering her poor islanders with the wings of her womanly instinct! Let us give one more passage in which Columbus bears his testimony to the disposition of the natives and then see to what account the Christians turned it. "They are a loving and uncovetous people, so docile in all things, that I assure your Highnesses that I believe in all the world there is not a better people or a better country. They love their neighbours as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile."

The first step toward the establishment of Slavery, was the division of the Indians into what were called *repartimientos*. Under this system a certain number of nations were *bound out*, so to speak, to different colonists, either to be worked on the farms or in the mines. The time of this compulsory service was limited and the poor creatures were to work under the direction of their *caciques*. This was Slavery in everything but the name, and it was not long before the Indians came to be considered as chattels. No matter what the system, the most horrible cruelties were perpetrated, especially at the mines. And it is worth remarking at a time when we have been "acquiring" territory, a part of which is said to contain veins of gold and silver, that the miners in these first Spanish settlements became invariably beggars.

A curious story is told of the notion which one of the Caciques named Hatuey had of the deity worshipped by the Spaniards. "Calling his people together, and recounting the cruelties of the Spaniards, he said that they did all these things for a great lord whom they loved much, which lord he would now show to them. Forthwith he produced a small basket filled with gold. 'Here is the lord whom they serve, and after whom they go.'"

We need not trace the gradual steps by which Slavery was introduced, nor dwell upon the cruelties of the Spaniards. These last are already branded with an infamous notoriety, and were not so much exceptional, as necessary incidents to the system. But it will be interesting to see how these things impressed the lookers-on, and especially what course was taken by the clergy as the spiritual guides of the perpetrators of them. There were in Hispaniola about fifteen Dominican monks, living under the government of their vicar, Peter de Cordova. Remembering that these men belonged to the order whom Protestants know chiefly as the founders of the inquisition, and seeing them actuated by the purest and most devoted humanity we shall arrive at the conclusion with which Dr. King sums up his epitaph on George II. and be satisfied that they "*neque deos, nec lupos fuisse, sed homines.*"

Having satisfied themselves of the cruelty with which the natives were treated, they "determined that their protest should express the general opinion of their body; and they accordingly agreed upon a discourse to be preached before the inhabitants of St. Domingo, and signed their names to it." They chose one of their number, brother Antonio Montesino to preach it, "a man of great asperity in reproving vice." They also, in order to insure a full church caused it to be given out that a discourse particularly concerning the inhabitants was to be delivered on the next Sabbath. In short, they obtained the use of the cathedral, and advertised the first Anti-Slavery lecture. We have no report of Father Antonio's Sermon. We only know that he "declared with very piercing and terrible words, that the Voice pronounced that they were living in mortal sin." Our author supposes that the discourse might have ended somewhat as did the first sermon of Vieyra in St. Luiz, 1653, which he quotes from Southey's History at Brazil. "But you will say to me, this people, this republic, this state, cannot be supported without Indians. Who is to bring us a pitcher of water, or a bundle of wood? Who is to plant our Mandioc? Must our wives do it? Must our children do it? (Hear this, Messrs Clay and Calhoun.) In the first place, as you will presently see, these are not the straits in which I would place you: but, if necessity and conscience require it, then I say, yes! and I repeat it, yes! You and your wives and your children ought to do it! We ought to support ourselves with our own hands; for better it is to be supported by the sweat of one's own brow than by another's blood. O ye riches of Maranham! what if these cloaks and mantels were to be wrung? They would drop blood."

But whatever Father Antonio's words were, they produced their effect. It seems as if we were reading a story of to-day, except for the constancy of the preacher. The inhabitants met together, resolved that the Father must retract, and sent a deputation to convey their resolution to the monastery, and to say that if the monks preached such "*delirious things*," they had better return to Spain at once. After a long parley, the committee left with the assurance that the matter should be touched upon in the next Sabbath's discourse, as they supposed with an ample apology. But Father Antonio had a conscience. He repeated his former statements and reproofs, and only urged them the more earnestly.

The result was that the aggrieved inhabitants sent out a Franciscan (Alonso de Espinal) to make complaints in Spain. On the other hand the Dominicans sent out Father Antonio as their ambassador. The result was that the earnest Antonio converted his rival into an ally, and a body of laws was established for the protection of the Indians and the regulation of their affairs. But it was too late. It is nevertheless interesting to read of any benevolent effort, even if unsuccessful, and we learn from this story that the Catholic clergy in the early part of the Sixteenth Century did not consider it out of their province to interfere between Master and Slave.

With the passage of this body of laws, the volume before us ends, having brought the history down to the period when the rapid extinction of the Indians began to make it necessary to import fresh victims from Africa. J. R. L.

The Ex-Mayor's Crumbs of Consolation:

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Two Governors once a letter writ
To the Mayor of a distant city,
And told him a paper was published in it,
That was telling the truth, and 'twas therefore fit
That the same should be crushed as dead as a nit
By an Aldermanic Committee;
"Dont say so?" says Otis,
"I'll inquire if so 'tis;
Dreadful! telling the truth? what a pity!

"It can't be the Atlas, that's perfectly clear,
And of course it isn't the Advertiser,
'Tis out of the Transcript's appropriate sphere,
The Post is above suspicion; oh dear,
To think of such accidents happening here!
I hoped that our people were wiser:
While we're going," says Otis,
"*Tantisimis votis*,
How very annoying such flies are!"

So, without more ado, he inquired all round
Among people of wealth and standing;
But wealth looked scornful and standing frowned,
At last in a garret with smoke imbrowned,
The conspirators all together he found,—
One man with a coloured boy banding;
"'Pon my word," says Otis,
"Decidedly low 'tis,"
As he groped for the stairs on the landing.

So he wrote to the Governors back again,
And told them 'twas something unworthy of mention,
That 'twas only a single man with a pen,
And a font of types in a sort of a den,
A person unknown to Aldermen,
And, of course, beneath attention;
And therefore," wrote Otis
Annuentibus totis,
"There's no reason for apprehension."—

But one man with a pen is a terrible thing,
With a head and heart behind it,
And this one man's words had an ominous ring,
That somehow in peoples ears would cling;—
"But the mob's uncorrupted; they've eggs to fling;
So 'tis hardly worth while to mind it;
As for Freedom," says Otis,
"I've given her notice
To leave town, in writing, and underlined it."

But the one man's helper grew into a sect,
That laughed at all efforts to choke or scare it,
Old parties before it were scattered and wrecked
And respectable folks knew not what to expect;—
"Tis some consolation, at least to reflect,
And will help us I think to bear it,
That all this," says Otis,
Though by no means *in votis*,
"Began with one man and a boy in a garret."

French Emancipation.

We translate from the last number of the *Annales de l'Institut d'Afrique*, the organ of the French Anti-Slavery Society, the following excellent article upon the recent abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies. The Abolitionists of France, at least, understand precisely what they have been striving for; the result which they have achieved, almost the only positive and fixed one as yet of the Revolution, is that which is not only not approved of, but is loudly condemned by the press of this pretended Republic.

"France has no longer any slaves. All the friends of humanity should rejoice at it. Emancipation has been decreed as a recompense to that band of choice spirits who have so long laboured to achieve this just triumph of civilization over barbarism.

"This social conquest has been unhappily preceded, at Martinique, by one of those bloody scenes, the memory of which it is always difficult to efface. We announce, with great sorrow, that the proclamation of Emancipation followed in the train of murder and revolt.

"God preserve us from accusing, of this double crime, the blacks and the mulattoes, who cannot be said even to have provoked the terrible conflict which has shrouded Martinique in sorrow. In place of barren recriminations, there are now great duties to be fulfilled. The metropolitan and colonial authorities instructed by so many misfortunes, should take every measure that similar disasters shall not be repeated.

"Emancipation in all countries where it has been proclaimed, has been invested, as a consequence, with the forms by which it was preceded. Violently at St. Domingo, peacefully and religiously at Antigua, it was what that preparation made it.

"We have not forgotten the events that transpired in Paris soon after the proclamation of the Republic. After the proclamation of the freedom of the Colonies, let us have the courage to speak, in sincere and energetic language, to the emancipated blacks: let us not mislead them by dangerous flatteries, by deceitful promises, which among us have terminated only in insurrection.

"Should it be otherwise the Colonies would be soon condemned to a spectacle of disgraceful *saturnalia*, to tumultuous processions of the sovereign mob, to the suspension of labour which conducts directly to wretchedness. They would hear the frantic songs which cease neither day nor night. They would be subjected to the yoke of continued panics, which have caused many honourable families to fly from the Capital. They would shudder at the repeated *rappels* which have called the national guard to the barricades, to purchase there civilization at the price of his blood.

"But the hand of authority should never cease to make itself felt; it is by continual watchfulness, and the preservation of public order, that social evils can be averted. We cannot repeat this too often. There came a moment in the capital when all moral security, that law of society, completely disappeared, and we had a Reign of Terror. A similar calamity has not befallen the Colonies, and they have not been left to the cruel mercy of ignorant and misguided or sanguinary men. We have demanded the emancipation of the Colonies, but not their ruin.

"In asking for the blessing of liberty to the black race, in seeking by every means to elevate it to the dignity of human nature, in enumerating often-times the physical and moral qualities with which it is so generously endowed by its Creator, neither we, nor our friends, have ever understood that as a consequence of its emancipation, it should be exempted from toil. As the white race, as all races, it should be subjected to this common lot of humanity. In making it to-day a part of that society which has robbed it of its natural rights, it enjoys the advantages which the law confers upon it, at the same time that it is held to perform its duties.

"It is therefore the imperious duty of the existing Government, and of all that shall succeed in it, to watch as vigilant sentinels for the maintenance of the public peace. With it flourish agriculture, commerce, industry, and the arts. At its voice, the ships of all our ports turn toward it. Let us not fear to say to them: 'Citizen Commissioners, nurture the tree of liberty in order and in labour. 'Watch without ceasing over the lives of citizens of every 'class, and of all colours! Make property respected.—'Teach to each his duty by those paternal counsels drawn 'from morality and religion, the unerring pilots of the people and of Governments, in every tempest. Elevate more 'and more the emancipated black to the dignity of a man. 'Teach him to respect the sacred rights of the family, to 'honour the priest and the magistrate, to cherish his 'country, to love his brothers. Husband and father, let 'him habituate himself, by noble examples, to practice 'the sacred laws of marriage, that your vigilant hand 'may be prompt to recompense the honest, to administer 'exemplary chastisement to all fomenters of discord.—'Destroy without hesitation every plot of conspiracy.—'It is thus that you will nobly fulfill your task, that you 'will contribute to the prosperity of France, that you will 'have the glory of averting those bloody struggles which disgrace the annals of the nation, and which have made 'the colonies the abode of disgust and fear: ah! above 'all, do not permit to be engraven upon their walls, de'voted to destruction, the solemn words of the National 'Assembly: "Families, Institutions, Liberty, Country, 'all are stricken to the heart, and under the blows of 'these modern barbarians, the civilization of the nine'teenth century is menaced with destruction. . . . . 'France repels with horror these savage doctrines by 'which family is but a name, and property a robbery." "'With the code of law, and of religion in your hand, 'reform the blacks, and conduct them into the peaceful 'fields of labour, of hope, and of virtue, to their happi'ness and regeneration.'"

Mr. Van Buren's Casting Vote.

Mr. Wardwell, the writer of the following letter, was a Democratic member of Congress from this State in 1836, and his opinion, therefore, may be considered as entitled to some weight. We copy the letter that our readers may know all that is advanced in defence of Mr. Van Buren's former course by his friends, and that we may do full justice to those who are engaged in the Free Soil movement, and to the way in which some of them justify themselves for accepting the Presidential nominee as their leader. For our own part, were we about to act politically in the ensuing election, and in favour of Mr. Van Buren, we should be obliged to try so hard to think him honest now, that no time or strength would be left us to strive to prove that he always had been. And could we be persuaded that he was worthy of support now, and that we ought to give him ours, we should be inclined to bolt altogether, 'if we were also told that he was an excellent Free Soil, Free Labour, and Free Speech man in the year of our Lord, 1836, and thereafter. We are sure that we could not swallow the whole doctrine, and should inevitably reject a part if an attempt was made to force it all up

say; but certain it is, that any individual may vote for the engrossment or the making a fair copy of a bill, without being called upon to vote for its final passage. One would suppose that a presiding officer might do this as he is bound by his position, to give the friends of a measure at least *an equal chance* with its opponents. This is often done by individual members; and in this very case, Mr. Goldsborough, of Maryland *voted for* the engrossment of the bill with Mr. Van Buren, and afterwards *voted against its final passage*. Mr. Clay, also, voted with Mr. Calhoun on two amendments which he [Mr. Calhoun] offered, and afterwards voted against the whole bill.

The sum and substance then of Mr. Van Buren's offence is this: He voted in the Senate *in favour of having a bill copied and read again, but never voted for its passage in any stage* of the proceedings. And yet the transaction is brought up against him as an offence that ought to disqualify him for any office—and by those, too, who are ready to swallow, head and shoulders, a man who lives in the very centre of Slavery, who has invested $100,000 in slave property, who never voted in his life,—and are ready to swear that he is opposed to the further extension of the curse that hangs so heavy upon us as a nation. What a strange world we live in, and how strangely men will act to bring out their purposes!

I am respectfully yours,
DANIEL WARDWELL.

LEW H. BROWN, Esq.

An Irish Sympathizer.

It was announced in the public prints on the arrival of the Niagara at Boston last week, that an attempt was made at Halifax to arrest one John T. Doyle, as an "Irish Sympathizer," but that it was prevented by Capt. Ryrie, because of the want of a proper warrant. Mr. Doyle himself has since made a statement by letter to various papers, in which he accuses Captain Ryrie, of having abused him in an outrageous manner, during the voyage, and attempted to have him arrested as a sympathizer in order to get rid of him. All this Captain Ryrie contents himself with simply denying, though it is further stated in a Boston paper that Doyle had boasted, on the passage, that a reward was offered for his head by the British Government, and that some constable, in Halifax, hearing of it made this attempt to secure it.

Mr. Doyle's own letter, however, tells the whole story. He commences by saying that on his passage out—for the fellow seems to be an American, or, at least, a resident of this country,—his patriotic feelings were so much hurt by the cruel reflections of the officers of the steamer upon this country, and its "*institutions*"—we shall see which presently—that on his return he chose the solitude of the second cabin, which, we infer, is not visited by the officers, as well as being £15 cheaper. But the latter consideration, however, was of no consideration to Mr. Doyle; it was his generous and liberty-loving soul that suffered—not his pocket. He then proceeds:

I accordingly took passage in the Niagara, and paid £20 sterling for a certificate entitling me to a "Second Cabin" berth for Boston. About four hours after leaving the dock at Liverpool, I was advised by a gentleman to go down to the cabin, as there was trouble there, and it concerned me; I went down, and found Captain Ryrie on the lowest step of the companion-way, storming apparently at the passengers and the under-steward, upon the subject of quartering in the Second Cabin the negro servant of one of the passengers. Among other choice expressions, I remember hearing him state that "if he was as black as the *hinges of Hell*, or as white as a swan, it made no difference; *that he was as good as any there*, and should be quartered there." The other passengers appeared to be overawed by Capt. Ryrie's violence. Observing this, and thinking that if the negro's companionship was so agreeable, he had better take him to his own bed and board, I protested against it, and insisted that the passengers should not be called upon to submit to an association personally disagreeable, and from which, by their contract with the ship, *and by the established usages of civilized life*, they had a right to expect exemption. I then learned from Capt. Ryrie—a piece of information conveyed in no very gentle airs—that no such thing as second cabin passengers were recognized on board the ship; that we were all nothing but steerage passengers; and that, for my particular comfort, *the negro should lodge in my state room*. I told Ryrie that he should not; and that if such a course were adopted I would pay the additional £15 and go into the First Cabin, where I trusted to find the means of annoying him during the rest of the passage; but that I should pay the money *under protest*. He did not seem to understand what paying money under protest meant, and "*omne ignotum pro mirabile*," he appeared frightened by it. His ignorance saved me from the bedfellow his insolence would have forced on me. *The negro, however, did sleep in the Second Cabin, though not in my room.*

Hinc illæ lachrymæ! It was the "nigger" that was at the bottom of the whole business. Captain Ryrie said the coloured man was as good as Doyle; Captain Ryrie disregarded the "established usages of civilized life"—i. e. the civilized life of American snobs. No wonder that this pure patriot by mere allusions to the "peculiar institution," shocked into the second cabin, should be driven to any extremity, when even that asylum was invaded by a representative of the institution itself, and *he* placed on a level with him! If Doyle has exaggerated the least in the world, and altogether misrepresented Captain Ryrie's share in the attempted arrest, who will blame him? or wonder that he should thus appeal to his countrymen:

On this statement of facts, I submit it to the readers of your paper, and the community at large, how far the American people are prepared to countenance a line of ships in which passengers of American birth are exposed to constant mortification and insult, because they are Americans. They should at least know what they have to expect on board of these vessels, and they should understand, in addition, that to remonstrate against such treatment, or to express that sympathy with an oppressed people which is natural to every American, authorizes the Captain to constitute himself their jailor and inflict upon them indignities, which in this country are hardly put upon a common felon.

We beg leave, however, to suggest to the reader that something depends upon what "oppressed people" the sympathy is expressed for. The poor pro-slavery martyrs and "nigger"-haters certainly seem to find but little mercy on board the Cunard Steamers.

The Edmondson Girls.

Some benevolent persons in this city got up a meeting in the Tabernacle on Monday night, for the purpose of raising, by collection, the sum of $2000 to purchase the two daughters of Paul Edmondson, who, it will be recollected were among the fugitives of the "Pearl." The money, we understand, was raised without difficulty. Dr. Peck presided at the meeting, and it was addressed by by him, Rev. Mr. Dowling, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Captain Knight, of the ship "New World."

A great deal of enthusiasm pervaded the meeting, and the house was crowded. From the eloquent speech of Mr. Beecher we make an extract:

But there remains still another objection to be answered. Suppose that all of this could be done, and that this sum were raised and paid over, will there be no end to such solicitations? Although we may have generous sympathies, ought we not to act on some principle? Are we of the North to undertake to buy all the slaves that they of the South may chose to put in the market?—This is in truth a question worth considering, and we ought to consider it. I am perfectly agreed with you, that we cannot become purchasers of slaves, as a general practice. The money is not to be had. It does not exist in all the coffers of the North; men will not be wanting to put up their fellow-men to the highest bidder. Therefore, in respect to the general principle, it cannot be asserted nor acted on; and if this were not an essential ease I would not plead it. But I do not remember another case in all points like this; nor do I suppose it will often happen that it will find a parallel. A sale by human flesh-dealers of Christian girls! I love to repeat that epithet, Christian girls. The Edmonson girls does very well, but Christian girls! Christian slaves! It seemed to me as I first uttered these words as if I could hear a scoffing, jeering fiend of hell echo them with a grin of derision.

Beside this, there is something else to be observed.—It helps to give one a deeper insight into the system of Slavery itself. Many a man contemplates it merely as a particular form of work, enforced by certain appeals to occasional severity. You think at most of the brawny back bared to the lash. You think of so much work and of so much food. This is the mere shell,—the rough bark of Slavery—the outer wall, on the ding side of which the Sun may shine and give it a sombre sort of glory. All this is but the outside. But that which marks this system in the eye of Heaven, and in the eye of refined humanity, as the very out-birth of Hell, appears only when it comes to deal with hearts and souls and understandings. It is not the galling the wrist nor of the ankle which moves the deepest current of human sympathy, but that of the soul.

I will now come to the base itself, as it presents itself to us. And now I say that I cannot conceive of anything more difficult to render into speech than the emotions which it arouses. It seems to me that sometimes, as now, there were no words to express intense emotion—as if all words were spirits that hover around one and mock his desire to speak. I feel thus whenever I would express the interior of Slavery.

Fellow-citizens, do you know that all that goes to make a man, except his deathless love of liberty, goes to make him a better slave. The strength of limb, the roundness of muscle, mind, tender affection, sympathy, all this is so much fat laid upon the ribs of Slavery. Here, at the North, to be of comely presence is considered a blessing; there, at the South, so much money is made of it in the market. A slave will bring all the more for being such a fine-looking man. I droop to think what abominable use is made of such a recommendation, if the slave chances to be a woman. That which excites among us the profoundest respect goes there to augment her value—not as a wife—not as a sister—but for purposes from the bare idea of which the virtuous soul revolts. In the slave girl, beauty, refinement, is not matter of respect, but of profit. And suppose you add thrift, skill, intelligence. Here, at the North, we take all this as so much added to the man; but there, the more there is of thrift, of skill, of intelligence, of enterprise, the higher price in the market. And then, if in addition to all, he is only docile; if he will be a planning machine, and not a running-away machine, he is the very perfection of a slave. There are great advantages in Slavery, but nimble legs are a great drawback upon its profitableness. If a slave has all these excellent properties and no love of Liberty, there is nothing else to be desired. Yes there is. What is it?—What else can you desire? When you bring him on the stand, he goes up to $600. You describe his physical perfections; he touches $650. He is intelligent, skillful, docile—he goes up to $700. Then add, he is a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in good and regular standing, and $800, $900, $1,000 is bid. [Tremendous excitement in the audience.] Can I describe this scene and not feel as a man. I like to hear this music. It makes me think that I am talking to men.

But I have only gone over the skin yet. Let me take up point by point the case of these girls, that I may not seem to talk in general. In the first place, then, they are exceedingly poor. I have no doubt if I were standing here to speak in behalf of women, white like myself, that I should march directly to complete success. I know what is in man, for I feel it. I know that I should then have no difficulty. I should command your sympathies and sway your minds with a power as absolute as that of an Emperor. But if I am to say they are not educated, if even they be poor, and there is none to plead for them, you would, I know, say we then will plead for them; but if I were to go further still, and say they belong to that unfortunate race whom all men have conspired to degrade and despise, you would, I know, if there is any heroism in your breasts, heartily espouse their cause; yes, even though they might be black, black as ten midnights. But if I were to say, they are slaves, then I would say we have touched the bottom at last; and I, for one, am willing to go down to that depth beneath. [Applause.]

It is for this reason that I have courage to speak here to-night. My courage begins to wax a little. I felt bad when I got up. It may be that in the hour of death I shall look back and see that I did my duty fully and faithfully this once.

I will not detain you much longer. But to come to that which I spoke of and which I promised to return to. Though I am among Methodists—no I am not—(here the speaker pointed to a venerable Methodist brother and exclaimed) he is not a Methodist to-night, he is a man! I know no names of Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian. I know men and Christians; that is all that I know.—And now let us suppose that we apply in this case the rule that Christ gave us: "Do unto others as you would that others should do to you." There are fathers in this house. What would you wish done were your own daughters slaves. I saw this old man, the father of these girls. I was not ashamed to look at him because he was black. His seemed to me just as good grief as any other, and it struck me that if he was black, he seemed, after all, to act very naturally for a distressed father.

Bruin & Hill, the slave dealers who have his daughters, wrote this matchless letter. If I were going to make a collection of all the curious epistolary correspondence which has ever transpired, I should place this letter first after the title-page. It should be a living epistle, known and read of all men. This is a real firm, Bruin & Hill, no fictitious paich-work. These are living men, real flesh and blood like me—*no, not like me!*—you could not have got that hand to sign such a letter; you might as well have thrust it into hell!

And that Bruin, though his name won't bear translating, [laughter,] sets himself up as a judge of character. He says these are Christian girls. Who taught *him* the meaning of such words? He says their father wishes to raise money to pay for them. I wonder that word did not choke him. "The bearer, Paul Edmonson, is the father of two girls, Mary Jane and Emily Catharine Edmonson. These girls have been purchased by us and once sent to the South, and upon the positive assurance that the money would be raised for them if returned, they were brought back." Would you believe it, he has his name signed to this letter. He says he purchased these girls, and he says that he brought them back on positive assurances that they would be redeemed. This I presume to be a lie. He doubtless brought them back because he could not get the price he asked for them. But a lie added to such crimes as he confesses in this letter will hardly be noticed in the Day of Judgment. A lie will be so little that it will go down easy enough. "Nothing has been as yet done in this respect by those who promised, and we are on the very eve of sending them South the second time; we will not regard any promises made in relation to them."

Here we have a lecture on veracity from this Saint. "The *father*," he adds, "wishes to raise money to purchase them, and intends to appeal to the liberality of the *humane* and good to aid him, and has requested us to state in writing *the conditions upon which we will sell his daughters*.

"We expect to start our servants in a few days for the South; if the sum of $1,200 be raised and paid to us in fifteen days, or we be assured of that sum, then we will retain them twenty-five days more to give an opportunity of raising the other thousand and fifty dollars, otherwise we shall be compelled to send them along with our other servants. BRUIN & HILL."

Would to God Shakespeare were still living? Two words of such a letter would have suggested to him the most powerful drama ever written. The Bruin is a man. Satan has entrapped him—not entrapped, such as he walk willingly into his toils—he has been beguiled to say, and put in writing; that he has purchased a man's daughters and refuses to let their own father have them.

And now, please to imagine your daughters or sisters in bondage. Suppose them so comely that no price less than three thousand dollars would purchase them; suppose all this, and act as you would act then.

Now but one word more and I will close; and that is this: Colour makes no difference in bereavements. The poor when they are bereaved are bereaved indeed.—We have a thousand sources to which we can turn to ward off the keen edge of affliction from the most vital parts. But imagine the poor man who has but one only child,—that loved child always runs out to meet him after the weary day's toil, and greet his return to his humble home. Death comes and takes that child away, and lays it in the grave. It was the breath of his life, the life of his heart, the very soul. The poor have no other heritage but their affections, and when you invade that very sanctuary of feeling the poorer you are the worse for them. What have they left. Look at this poor old man. His sons are long ago sold as slaves to labour on the Southern plantations. His daughters, unless we can do something to detain them, must go too, to a worse fate. But I trust in God and I trust in you that it shall not be heard from New York that an appeal like this was made in vain, and that you will make it heard that these girls, must not, shall not be slaves—that they shall be free.

FATHER MATHEW.—A correspondent of the *Boston Courier* says that from statements received from Father Mathew by the last steamer, it appears that he is prevented visiting this country solely by pecuniary embarrassments, in which he has become involved through his active benevolence. The *Courier's* correspondent gives an extract from a letter of the distinguished Temperance Apostle in which he says:—

"I have received, it is true, from my temperance friends in the States, and also from benevolent individuals in England, occasional remittances of money; but the late famine devoured everything I could scrape together. I could not address assemblages of teetotallers, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, on the benefit of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, without supplying them with bread. If I had *bowels of iron*,—which happily I have not, as commisseration grew up with me from the breast of my mother,—I could not resist the cries of my fellow creatures, suffering from extreme want, and wrung with tormenting hunger.

In my journeyings through the country, on my mission of Temperance, I was solicited for food by hundreds of thousands, who, on my previous visit, were the generous supporters of our Sacred Cause."

The statement will suggest to everybody the propriety of relieving the good man from his troubles by such a contribution, among the friends of the cause of Temperance, as shall pay the expenses of a tour in the United States. Probably nothing could give a greater impetus to the cause in this country.

GOOD SEED BRINGETH FORTH GOOD FRUIT.—We learn from a paragraph in the (Glasgow) *British Friend* that the seed sown in Scotland by Thompson, Garrison, Wright, and Douglass, two or three years since, is bearing fruit. The *Friend* says:

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—We observe this body has a deputation itinerating, for the purpose of eliciting the sympathy of the English public—the dissenting portion of it, as we suppose—and for obtaining pecuniary assistance towards their "Church Building Fund."

At Bristol, it appears, the deputation were somewhat severely dealt with, because of the countenance which their church had given to American Slavery; and though the party condemning the action of the Free Church in regard to that business, did not succeed in carrying his motion, chiefly because it was alleged not to be in accordance with the object of the meeting, the opposition seems to have had considerable effect, as the collection amounted only to some £3, odds.

We are induced to notice this movement, not because we have any delight in the defeat of the Free Church deputation, but because we consider it was right to testify against and expose the misdeeds of that body, in their fellowshipping the slaveholders of America; but for which we cannot doubt that sympathy and pecuniary assistance would, much more generally, have been extended towards this important secession from the Scottish establishment.

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.—We hardly need call attention to the article and letter on our first page from the New York *Herald*, in relation to the annexation of Cuba to the United States. Whether the Spanish letter be entirely correct or not, we have no doubt that there is a scheme afoot to strengthen the slave-power by this purchase.

Notes on New Books.

THE BLACK AUNT.—STORIES AND LEGENDS FOR CHILDREN. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY CHARLES A. DANA. *New York: Ruedolph Garrigue, Barclay st.*, 1848.

The newspapers noticing this little book are so careless as not to tell their readers that the the 'Black Aunt' is not a "nigger," a fact of which, perhaps, some of them are not aware, and which may account for their not mentioning its title at all. We have no doubt, however, that the title will injure the sale of the book, and we wonder that its translator should not have suggested a less objectionable one to the author and publisher, who probably are not aware of the American contempt for all *black people*—black, that is, on the outside.

The 'Black Aunt,' though of a dark complexion, and therefore so called, is not a 'nigger,' but a delightful garrulous old lady, who has written out for all children, that she might extend her sphere of usefulness, the stories she used to tell her own nephews and nieces. She is a good type of that class of nurses whom a writer in Blackwood says he always makes a point of recommending to mothers, as having a good stock of nursery tales; for the child, he thinks, that is brought up without them, and without being sung to, will come to turn his father and mother out of doors, and deserve to be, if he escapes being, hanged; and a daughter, he adds, whose education is in the same way neglected, is sure to become a slut, a slattern, a fool, and a disgrace. We cordially agree with him, and commend such books as these as the next best thing to such nurses. The stories of the 'Black Aunt' are thoroughly German, and there is not, in the whole volume, to be found one of those canting little hypocrites, which English and American story-books generally hold up as model boys and girls; but it is full of talking tea-kettles, and cream-pitchers, live dolls, gallant princes, enchanted princesses, elves, and giants, conversational cocks and hens, wonderful little men and women, no bigger than a child's thumb, and a thousand other delightful impossibilities which real children—not little pattern men and women in petticoats and pinafores—love to read of. We have the testimony of several such children to the unexceptionable and interesting character of the 'Black Aunt.' It is plentifully illustrated with excellent wood cuts.

V. B. PALMER'S BUSINESS-MEN'S ALMANAC FOR 1849. *New York: Tribune Buildings.*—Into a pamphlet, sold for a shilling, Mr. Palmer has crowded an amount of information upon all sorts of topics, which a moderately industrious man would have to labour for some days to acquire in a good-sized library. It is not only an Almanac, but a book of reference on all subjects; and he who shall master its contents before 1850, may consider himself as a tolerably well-informed man.

THE ARCHITECT: No. 5. *Wm. H. Ranlett, Editor. Published by Dewitt and Davenport, Tribune Buildings.*—The fifth number of the Architect fully sustains the reputation the work has acquired for elegance and usefulness. Venitian Architecture is the subject of the editor's essay, a style he thinks, peculiarly adapted to the United States, and that which is instinctively chosen by the people of this country. The number contains three designs for Villas, all Venitian in character. They are views and plans, with specification, for houses which might well satisfy any man of good taste, and moderate means.

BLACKWOOD FOR OCTOBER.—The Caxtons', and Life in the Far West,' are continued in this number, and grow in interest as they grow in length, though in the former we confess to some disappointment, at the evident and rather clumsy imitation of Sterne with which the chapter closes. "A Legend from Antwerp," is a story of the "Headsman," the horribly romantic interest of whose hereditary office is seized upon by some of Blackwood's contributors, as a new and rich field of fiction. "A Letter upon Novel Reading," is not only replete with sound views upon that subject, but is a clever criticism upon the whole line of novelists from Richardson to the author of Jane Eyre. The writer, however, is evidently far enough from commending to any body's reading, young or old, the trashy stuff called novels, with which the book-store counters are laden, and the minds of young people vitiated and weakened. His novel-reading not only includes the ten volume stories of Richardson, the good, solid reading of Fielding, but an occasional dip into the light literature of the ancient Greeks. A criticism upon Byron's Poem of the Sea, and a well-written and absurd paper, as we judge from a glance at it, upon political economy, are the remaining articles.

Foreign Intelligence.

SEVEN DAYS

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Niagara.

The steamer Niagara Captain Ryrie arrived at Boston on Thursday last with seven days later news, which, however, is of little interest.

The trial of Smith O'Brien was still unconcluded.

The Chartist trials in London are terminated, and the result was conviction in every instance. Dowling, Cuffey, Lacur, Fay, and Mulling are sentenced to transportation for life. Several of the less prominent conspirators were sentenced to fine and imprisonment, and the prosecution against others was abandoned by the Attorney General, on their entering into recognisances to appear when called upon by the authorities.

The Queen and Prince Albert, with their family, have returned from Scotland.

A good deal of alarm and excitement prevails in Paris. Socialist banquets are held all over the country, at which the most inflammatory harangues are made. A riot occurred in the National Assembly upon a member having commented in severe terms upon some of these banquets, and the apathy of the Government, in relation to them. The republican party became exasperated, and rushed almost simultaneously to the Tribune, which they attempted to scale on all sides. A scene of confusion ensued which was only arrested by the President putting on his hat, and terminating the sitting.

The Assembly have decided after an able discussion to have but one Chamber. The Committee of the Constitution have also decided that the President shall be elected, not by the Assembly but by the people. Various reports are in circulation as to the probable course of the Government, some that they will use every effort to prevent the election of a President by the people till after the organic laws have been voted upon, and others that they will make no effort to defeat such a measure. There has been a riot at Lyons which was repressed without much difficulty. Mutinies have also taken place among the Garde Mobile in the barracks at Montreuil, in consequence of a distribution of bread which did not please them. Reports were in circulation in Paris of the discovery of a plot against the National Assembly. Nothing is yet known of the negotiations relative to the affairs of Northern Italy, but there is good reason for hoping that pacific measures will be adopted.

GERMANY is still in an unsettled state. The attempt of Struve to proclaim a Republic at Baden has utterly failed. The insurgents were besieged in Staufen by General Hoffman, and the town was taken by storm. Struve and 80 of his immediate followers were taken among a large number of other prisoners, and according to one account, tried by a Court Martial, and immediately shot, though later news contradicts this, and asserts that he is to be tried by the ordinary civil courts. The King of Prussia has finally submitted to the wishes of the Assembly. The Minister of Foreign affairs has announced his expectation that the negotiations with Denmark would lead to a peaceful result. Another crisis has been passed in safety by the announcement of the new Cabinet of its resolution not to interfere with the opinions of the officers of the army.

The Ban of Croatia has been so elated with his success in Hungary as to threaten to assert his independence of the Central Government, which had sent a Commission to arrest his progress. He nevertheless continued to advance, but was defeated by the Hungarians in the severe battle on the 20th ult. Count Lumberg the Austrian Commander in-Chief was assassinated by a student. Affairs are in a most disturbed state in Vienna between a retrograding court and triumphant and progressive National Assembly. The Government has proposed a Congress of Nations to settle the Italian question.

The King of Naples refuses the mediation of France and England between himself and his former subjects in Sicily, and threatens an immediate resumption of hospitalities.

News Items.

Rev. Caleb Stetson, (says the New-Bedford Mercury) of Medford, has declined the nomination as the Van Buren candidate for Congress in the Second District.

John Van Buren.—In reply to many letters addressed to us from different quarters of the State we beg leave to state that Mr. Van Buren is now on his way to Ohio, to address the Free Democracy of Cincinnati, on the 17th inst., and that he will not return to this State before the 29th. Between that time and the election, he will address such meetings in this State as are accessible to him.—*Albany Atlas.*

The *Easton* (Md.) *Star* states that on Saturday night twelve slaves absconded from that place and it is supposed have made their way through Delaware into Pennsylvania. Five of them were the property of Theodore R. Lockerman, Esq; two of Mr. Thomas Faulkner; two of Mrs. Margaret Goldsborough; one of Mr. James Price; one of Mrs. Rogers, and one of Henry Tilghman, Esq.

The Fighting Parson.—Parson Brownlow, of the *Jonesboro' Whig*, says that on the night of the 28th ult. a young man named John Ryland, Jr. armed with pistols, went to his house in the dead of night, cursed him an hour or so, dared him out to fight, and threatened if he did not to shoot him through the window. We give the sequel in the fighting Parson's own words: Upon his swearing profanely that if we did not go and fight him he would pick us through the window," we rose up out of bed, drew on our clothes, took down a double barreled gun well loaded with buckshot, cocked it and went at him, when he swiftly retired down to the great gate at Col. Willett's, a distance of near one hundred yards."

Abducting Slaves.—On Monday evening officers Chisholm and Manly arrested a coloured man name William Wilson, *alias* Benjamin Thomas, upon a charge of having enticed away, or aided in the escape of, several slaves, belonging severally to Mrs. Maria Rogers, Messrs. William Goldsborough and Theodore Lockerman, of Easton, Talbot county. It appeared upon further examination by Justice Pennington, before whom he was arraigned, that the slaves had been conveyed from the residences of their owners in a bay craft, commanded by Captain Henry H. Bailey, who was also arrested and committed to jail, in default of security for his appearance before the City Court, in consequence of the evidence adduced, which appeared to render such a proceeding necessary. A warrant was also issued yesterday morning for the arrest of James Worth who has since been arrested and committed to jail, upon the charge of participating in the escape of the slaves. They have been sent to jail for safe keeping, and Charles Andrews was committed as a witness.—*Baltimore Sun, 18th.*

Lewis Pierce slave, was brought before Judge King in quarter Sessions this morning, upon a writ of habeas corpus, sued out by his friends. It appeared that Lewis came to Philadelphia about two months since with his master, a Mr. Tilghman, who is an invalid, and had remained with him up to a few days since, when he absented himself from his master's residence and service, without assigning a reason. He claims, through his counsel (Messrs. Thomas and George Earl,) his freedom, under the laws of this Commonwealth. The case was but partially heard this morning by Judge King; and upon the application of the master the farther hearing was postponed until Saturday next at 10 o'clock, to give him an opportunity of satisfying himself as to the operation of the Act of Assembly of 1846 in the case of slaves coming into the State of Pennsylvania with their masters. Under the act of 1780, six months were allowed the master to hold a slave in this State, where they arrived from the South; but the Act of 1846 repeals that of 1780, and makes it a penal offence for the officers of justice to interfere against the liberty of a coloured man arriving in Pennsylvania with his former master. Our jails, under the latter Act, cannot be used for their security. The coloured man remains with his friends until the case shall be determined.—*Philadelphia Correspondence Tribune.*

Curious Occurrence.—On Thursday last, a short time previous to the hour appointed for the sailing of the steamship Columbus from Charleston, a box marked "E. Mirshaw: Philadelphia," was brought down to the wharf and shipped: the freight being paid by the young man that accompanied it. The box was placed near the hatchway on the top of the freight previously stowed away. In consequence of the storm that prevailed, the Columbus did not leave till Saturday morning. She arrived in the river on Tuesday, and when near New-Castle the hatch was opened for the purpose of making preparations for discharging as soon as the wharf was reached. To the astonishment of the crew, they discovered in the hold a coloured man, almost entirely exhausted from hunger and the want of water. On a farther search, they ascertained that he had been packed up in the box above alluded to, with a loaf of bread and a jug of water, which, but for the delay in the departure of the steamer, would have sufficed for the voyage. After his bread and water were exhausted he burst off the lid of the box, and was enabled to crawl about among the freight, having first cut away the side of a bale of cotton to make a passage from the spot where the box had been stowed. He found a box containing a pound cake, sent by a newly married couple to some friends in Philadelphia, and ate part of it but his mouth became so parched from want of water, that he could not devour much. He gave his name as Moses, and stated that he belonged to Miss Mary Brown, a wealthy lady of Charleston. He has been placed in the jail at New-Castle to await orders from his owner.

Married.

In this city, 19th inst., THEODORE DEHON to MARIA LOUISA, daughter of John Haggerty, Esq.

In Augusta, Me., 18th inst., MR. JOHN L. CUTLER, of Farmington, to MISS ZYLPHIA, daughter of Hon. Reuel Williams.

In Gardiner, Me., 18th inst., MAJOR FOLLIOT T. LALLY, of Portland, to MISS ELLEN L., daughter of Hon. George Evans.

In Malta, 7th ult., WILLIAM WINTHROP, Esq., U. S. Consul, to EMMA, daughter of the late Sir William Curtis, Baronet.

Died.

At Troy, 9th inst. EDWIN PERCIVAL, brother of the celebrated Poet, Dr. James G Percival.

In Hubbardston, Mass. 16th inst. suddenly, supposed from a disease of the heart, REV. SAMUEL GAY, former Pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church, in E. 62.

In Salem, Mass. 15th inst., MR. WILLIAM ASHBY, 92. He was one of the passengers saved from the wreck of ship Jupiter, in April, 1805, on the passage from London to New York.

In Cambridge, Mass. 18th inst., SAMUEL SHEAFE WILLARD 67—son of the late President Willard.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: My Minde to me a Kingdom is. *Miscellany*: Chillon; The Olive Branch at Brussels; Mr. Cobden on Peace and War; A Southern Legislator; An Ancient Looking-Glass; Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections*: The Union; Slave States and Postage; Plan of Emancipation; Death of an Ex-Slave; Abolition Proofs! Strong as Poison!!; A Roland for an Oliver; Rev. Mr. Lamb and General Taylor; Opening of Negotiations for the Cession of Cuba to the United States; Our Spanish Correspondence.

SECOND PAGE.—*Selections*: The difference in Representation. &c. &c.

Notices

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR OF 1848.

Demands of all the friends of the slave in this region, prompt and vigorous efforts in its preparation. We know some of them, both in town and country, have long been busily at work in its behalf. So well is it understood and felt, that the Fair belongs to Pennsylvania Abolitionists generally, that our Annual summons to the work seems scarcely needed, and almost a form. But we issue it as a word of remembrance to the interested, and to arouse the lethargic—and to announce—at this important crisis—to an increasingly sympathizing community, an opportunity to labour for the cause. We invite the co-operation of every heart that loves the slave, and would prove its love by its deeds.

To our numerous fellow-labourers in city and country it cannot be unnecessary to speak on the subject of the best manner of preparing for the Fair. In such preparation they are well skilled. To those to whom the work may be new we say, all pretty or marketable commodities will be valuable.

To *all* we say, make the slave's cause your own, if possible, and give liberally as God hath given you.

Sarah Pugh,	*Esther Reckless,*
A. Matilda Cassey,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Anna M. Hopper,	*Elizabeth Gay,*
Janette Jackson,	*Hannah W. Haydock,*
Margaret A. Griscom,	*Elizabeth Davis,*
Mary Grew,	*Emma Parker,*
Margaret Jones,	*Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Mary T. Stickney,	*Clementine G. Ruby,*
Sarah A. T. McKim,	*Martha Carman,*
Theresa K. Hallowell,	*Sarah T. Child,*
Hulda Justice,	*Anna M. Child,*
Elisabeth Carman,	*Mary Shaw,*
Harriet D Purvis,	*Margaret Forten,*
Priscilla Lukens,	*Esther Hogeland,*
Sarah M. Douglass,	*Esther Burr,*
Elizabeth Clendenen.	

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partisan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective energy and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI SLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Louiza Loring,	*Eliza F. Meriam,*
Mary Young,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Mary Wiley,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Maria Lowell,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Francis Mary Robbins,	*Harriet T. White,*
Lydia Parker,	*Abby Francis,*
Harriet B. Hall,	*Abby Southwick,*
Catharine Sargent,	*Harriet M. Jackson.*

All persons desiring the privilege of co-operating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management to *Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing.—it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon a convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated, for the sake of the cause, to continue the same good office, by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, December 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

Advertisements.

PROSPECTUS.

OF THE

LOUISVILLE EXAMINER.

Published, Weekly, in Louisville, Kentucky.—being a large and handsomely printed Newspaper, devoted chiefly to the discussion of the Emancipation question in Kentucky; and containing much interesting family reading—religious and political intelligence—articles on agriculture, and the general news of the day.

TERMS:—$2 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

PAUL SEYMOUR, PUBLISHER.

This paper has been in existence nearly a year and a half, and has been slowly extending its circulation in the slave States. It is the advocate of emancipation in Kentucky, and has kept this one object constantly in view, seeking by calm reasoning, and by the evidence of figures and facts, to show the people of Kentucky the many grevious losses they are obliged to bear in consequence of Slavery. Those conn

Poetry.

From Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look what I like my minde supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pomp, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my minde can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatall law:
My minde is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vain
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where I do hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate;
I scorn no poore, I fear no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, no cart, I like, ne loath;
Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No welth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defense;
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

Miscellany.

CHILLON.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

One of the most picturesque objects on the Lake of Geneva is the Castle of Chillon, whose walls gleam white, both in and out of the water, as we pass from Vevay to Villeneuve. It stands isolated, and is approached from the land by a bridge or causeway, quite appropriate as the entrance to a castle of the olden time. The appearance is not exactly according to our notion of an old castle; for, instead of battlements, we have high-peaked roofs over tower and turret, bartizan and wall, which takes from the romance a little. It is, nevertheless, a beautiful and majestic object, and, with the association of history, and the additional interest thrown about it by Lord Byron's poem, becomes to the traveller one of the pilgrimages of the heart.

It is asserted that Byron knew nothing of the tradition which gives the castle so sacred an interest for the Swiss. He lived near the place and visited it often. The prisons suggested to him the idea of a prisoner, and his touching story is the creation of his own brain and sympathies,—at least, it is so believed in the neighborhood. The guide shows the great English poet's name cut in the stone pillar with his own hand, and declares that Byron used to come over from his house near Vevay, and spend two days at a time at the castle; but the story of Bonnivard had no connection with the poem now inseparable from the grey towers. Be this as it may, the castle is a poem, according to the definition of certain schools. It is one of the few things of the kind that do not disappoint. It is in excellent preservation, and retains many marks of great antiquity. The real history of it is this:—Founded, as there is good reason to believe, in 816, it received large and important additions in 1238, in the reign of Amadeus IV. of Savoy, who used it as a state prison. Previous to his day, its crypts are said to have served as a place of meeting to Christians in times of persecution. While the Genevese were under the Savoyard yoke, Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, a patriot such as Switzerland has not seldom produced, offended the reigning sovereign, by exciting his countrymen to shake off the burthen of foreign dominion. Venturing to travel through Savoy, he was seized by the duke's emissaries, and hurried off secretly to the dungeons of Chillon. Here he was kept six years chained to one of the low pillars that support the arched roof; and so closely that he could not walk completely round the pillar, but was obliged to return before he had made the circuit. At length liberty triumphed. The Swiss drove out the Savoyards from all but Chillon, and their first care was to release their heroic countryman. An army of seven thousand Bernese besieged the castle on the land side, while the galleys of the Genevese attacked it from the Lake, and, strong as it was, compelled it to surrender. A party rushed to the dungeon. "Bonnivard! tu es libre!" "Et Genève?" was the reply. The answer he received was astounding. While the patriot had been living a twilight life, seeing no face but his jailer's, and almost forgetting the use of speech in the absence of human communication, Geneva, which he had left Catholic, had become protestant, and his countrymen, for whose sake he had endured this long exile, had freed themselves from the Savoyard yoke, and risen up an independent nation. Bonnivard enjoyed trust and power in his native city for the rest of his life, and has consecrated the castle of Chillon forever in the heart of every true Genevan.

The castle is now used chiefly as an arsenal, and a person of much intelligence is entrusted with the care of it, to whom the traveller is indebted for as minute an account as he may desire of its history and various uses. We were ushered by this person into a paved court-yard, and through an arched door, at once down into the vaults, which are on a level with the surface of the Lake. The air is extraordinarily dry, the walls being built of tufa, a kind of volcanic rock, and founded on the living rock which forms the base of the Lake at that point. No symptom of dampness appears, although the light is admitted only through a few narrow loopholes, high up on the surface of the ground, and partly overgrown with grass and weeds. There are the "seven columns, massy and gray," spoken of by the poet, and the wave ripples audibly as it did on the ear of Bonnivard. Several of the columns have iron rings in them, at about the distance of two feet from the ground; but one is pointed out with great confidence as having been Bonnivard's, and about this the stony floor is worn in deeper hollows, and on its surface not the space of the quarter of an inch is without its carved name, showing the length of time during which the prison has been an object of interest. One wants to be alone on this spot; to have time and leave to bring back the prisoner; to see him cast his eye upward to that narrow streak of light, try once more the length of his chain, turn abruptly at its rude bidding, strive for the thousandth time to read by the "dull imprisoned ray," the lines inscribed on the opposite wall, then stretch himself on the ground with a sigh, and prepare for another long, tedious night, unlighted by any lamp save that of Hope. The presence of a guide, intelligent though he be, does not assist the imagination; but happily Chillon requires as little effort as any place beautified by a heroic tradition. It speaks for itself, tells its own story most remarkably. The intent of these vaults is so evident, that one cannot but people them with sufferers under feudal tyranny; and the undoubted authenticity of the story of the Christian patriot has hardly greater reality to the mind of the spectator than that which we owe to the genius of the poet. Byron wrote a sonnet on the true story after he learned it, concluding thus:

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The sonnet is not very remarkable for vigour or originality, but it is redeemed by the concluding line. Though suggested by a noble reality, it is not more like truth than the pathetic fiction of the other poem:

We were seven who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage.
One in fire, and one in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed:
Dying as their fathers died,
For the God their foes denied.
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last."

Near Chillon, it is quite true that the Lake is a thousand feet deep, though not exactly where

"the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

It is at Maillerie, opposite.

Before we reached the dungeon, our guide took us into a still more fearful place, from which a stone stair led up to the Hall of Justice, in the castle above. Near the foot of these stairs, among masses of the solid rock, is a great irregularly-shaped block of marble, in which tradition says that two thousand Jews were beheaded in feudal times, ostensibly on account of their religion, but in reality for the sake of the gold of which they were known to be possessed, which excited the cupidity of the rapacious nobles. A little further on, just at the foot of the steps, is a deep arch in the wall, which formerly contained an image of the Virgin, before which the condemned were allowed to pray before death; and opposite, a black beam on which they were hung. It was curious, that when we first passed through the vaults we were not able to discern this beam, which is situated in a recess, but after we had gone further and returned, we saw it with such clearness that we could hardly believe it to be the same towards which we had strained our eyes in vain. Our guide smiled at this, for he was accustomed to observe the effect of habit upon the eye. In like manner we were able, on returning, to read the minute carvings on the dungeon walls, which at first seemed illegible. There were Byron, Leigh Hunt, and many other well-known names; and there was also DRYDEN, which it is as well to believe an autograph, if we can, since such is the faith of the place. After we had examined the whole extent of these massy crypts, the great columns of which rest on rough pedestals of living rock, while the vaulting overhead is in groined arches, we were shown the state chambers of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, who at one time inhabited the castle. These were furnished in the taste of the times, with wooden ceilings, a good deal carved, and some little attempt at ornament about the walls and windows. The hall of audience, a very large chamber, with an immense fire-place, is surrounded with coats of arms, painted on the wall during the dominion of the Bernese, each governor having added his own arms, name, and inscription. After this we saw the armory; but varieties of cannon and military equipments are not particularly interesting to us, and we passed on to the *Chambre des Eubliettés*, whose massive oaken door, studded and bound with iron, led us to expect terrible things within. There was a small aperature in this door, about as high as one's face, closed on the outside by a small door, equally massive, having great iron clamps and hinges, and a hook and staple in proportion. This was for private and unexpected observation of the prisoner within, and the interior arrangements were not such as to disappoint the imagination after this preparation. There was, as usual, a niche in the wall for the image of the Virgin, and in front of it a trap-door, to look down through which made one giddy. Hither prisoners of state (often those who had been snatched from family and friends, and immured without trial or show of justice, for such was the practice of the lawless times when Chillon was used as the prison-house of feudal tyrants) were brought and made to kneel in prayer, before the semblance of all that the Catholic imagines of love and mercy. At a signal, the trap door fell, and the unhappy wretch was dashed to pieces on a stone floor fifty feet below. It is strange that there should be a sort of fascination about such horror; but one gazes and gazes into the abyss, with an intense effort to imagine all the dread particulars of the scene, as if longing to look upon that which freezes the blood in the mere description. The more we see and hear of feudal practices, as we travel in this part of Europe, the more detestable they seem, and we marvel that even poetry and romance can have thrown any charm over realities so odious. These magicians have, however, shown us principally the better side; the hospitality, the gallantry, the generosity, the courage, the fidelity unto death, of the splendid robbers, and pious and amiable tyrants, under whose sway the South of Europe groaned so long. We see the castle with its outer and inner court, its moat and drawbridge, its round towers and massive walls; and Chillon is now, just as it stands, all that one could desire in these respects; but one sees gallant knights in the courts, a white-haired warden at the door, a bountiful table spread within, at which all comers are entertained, and lovely ladies presiding at the feast, to which their presence brings delicacy and grace. We see not the dungeons, the hall of pretended trial, the gallows, the oubliettes, the chamber of torture, which we have not yet mentioned, but which nevertheless still exists at Chillon, with its stake, its pullies, and the marks of flame and of hot irons, trying human flesh and courage when opinions or when gold was in question. All writers of romance, except Scott, have given deceptive pictures of feudal times and manners; and even he, though he laid bare in "Ivanhoe" some of the deepest horrors and blackest abuses of the system, has not been able to prevent the lustre of his own imagination from throwing a certain charm about the whole, even when he was exposing its worst portions. The poor and accidental virtue of personal bravery had an overpowering charm for him; and the same feeling which induced him to prepare for a duel, in the decline of life, and when his reputation was in its fullest splendour, led him to overate the dignity and importance of whoever possessed this quality, and to tolerate for its sake much that was wrong both in principle and practice. But peace to the mighty master! He has added largely to the pleasure and improvement of the world; and the traveller in Europe has especial reason to remember him with gratitude for the great charm with which his works have invested history, and for that general education of the imagination which fits one for seeing with interest all that is left of feudal times. Not a few unscholarly persons are free to confess that they owe most of their knowledge of modern history to Shakspeare and Scott, who resemble each other in more particulars than some people think. It so happened, that on the same day on which we saw Chillon, we visited also the castle of La Batie, at Martigny, something of a feat, for the mountain on which it stands is difficult of access, although a zig-zag path saves it from being quite perpendicular. This castle is of immense strength; built of unhewn stone, and without cement of any kind. The thickness of the walls makes one wonder that any force can have ruined them. It is quite evident that time has had little to do with their present dilapidated condition, although the building is said to be of Roman origin. Nothing that did not cause the earth to yawn or to remove out of its place, could disturb such foundations. The cliff is nearly inaccessible, and the castle frowns over its very edge, so that for an enemy to approach it, except by climbing the higher mountain behind it, must have been well nigh impossible. It has still many apartments; a round tower with the remains of a staircase, and a large square cup, beneath which are still to be found the dungeons, which seem to have been indispensable to a stronghold, whether of Roman or of feudal times. The view from the walls is most beautiful. Martigny, with its sequesterd valley and its mountain circumvollutions; the Aar, swift-flowing and winding in its course, through fields beautifully cultivated and dotted with cottages; these lie spread out beneath the eye; and the general aspect of rural quiet, plenty, and independence, soothes and tranquilizes the mind, and fills it with agreeable images. Switzerland, as a whole, rather disappoints the imagination, from the great inferiority, in appearance at least, of the human race among its mountains; but there are scenes, and this is one of them, which can hardly be surpassed for loveliness, and where one may forget goitres, cretins, and the mean grasping spirit which has been introduced into a land once noble and independent by the temptations incident to a flood of foreign visitors.—*Christian Enquirer.*

From Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.

THE OLIVE BRANCH AT BRUSSELS.

The Peace Congress committed one little mistake. The members once in Belgium ought not to have stopped at Brussels. They should have gone direct to the field of Waterloo. It would have been more than pleasant to consider the tent of peace pitched upon the plain, yet fertilized with the blood and bones of thousands, offered to the conjoint folly and wickedness of human nature. Thinking of the show and splendour, and homicidal magnificence that once possessed the field, though long since a part and parcel of its clods, JOSEPH STURGE, of the Society of Friends at Waterloo, would have been a significant protest against the re-appearance of such an armed host to re-enact the sacrilegious butchery of the olden day. Blacksmith BURRITT, too, working to crook the sword into the sickle, would have shown in happy contrast with the thoughts of the Old Guard, made drunk with drams of glory—the devil's own "fire-water."

We know that, by such images, we provide a large amount of mirth for the folks who believe that war is, inevitably, a part of the portion of man; and that human nature cannot be preserved in its true dignity without the salt of gun-powder. For the full content of these people it is a pity that the fallen ADAM was not fitted scorpion-like with a sting; or like the snake with mortal fangs; his instruments of destruction thus bearing the patent mark of Providence. But no: man, in his lapse, is endowed with a light from GOD; and such light he lawfully and wisely uses—ery the advocates of war—when he compasses the destruction of his fellow-creatures.

The men of peace who met at Brussels have—we say—afforded great mirth to thousands; and the more especially to those impartial roysterers who sit at mess-tables. The men who, for the most part, judge by a martial law of their own, the poor, sneaking, civilian world: and try such weak, bewildered zealots as RICHARD COBDEN and JOSEPH STURGE, and arithmetical JOSEPH HUME, by a drum-head court-martial, condemning them, for the term of their natural lives, to hopeless contempt. To such scarlet-coated judges, the thought of JOSEPH STURGE at Waterloo must be capital fun. The colonel growls an annihilating "humbug;" and the cornet cracks, it may be, his virgin joke upon the beaver and the drab. Nevertheless, we incline to believe in the future victory of such men as the battalion of Friends, who met a few days since in that very city once shaken by the thunder of Waterloo: we can foresee in them—unarmed, simplemen, of earnest simplicity of speech—the conquerors of iron armies. We can hope for the day when opinion—with invincible rust—will devour the sword; and war, like cannibalism, be the curse and crime of the darkest and most outcast of nations. This, we own, may not in its fulness come in our time. But it *will* come.—The Peace Society sow the acorns, whence, in due season, the nations shall gather their best oaken garlands. Of course they sow in laughter and contempt—all sorts of phials of ink being emptied upon their heads—but the seed will grow; and opposition, like the wind shaking the sapling, will make it strike the deeper root. The grey redingote and the imperial cocked hat have been worshipped long enough. And now TIME—that terrible old-clothesman, with all sorts of purple and ermine in his bag—deems even the gray coat somewhat out of elbows, and the little cocked hat none the better for its nap. Therefore, if only for a change, let us give a trial to the broad beaver and the drab. Let us promote, if only for a while, JOSEPH STURGE, *vice* NAPOLEON deceased.

Mr. COBDEN's letter to the Congress (it will be found elsewhere) is eloquent of that indomitable common sense that fought and beat the English aristocracy in their own corn-fields. He has, of course, been ridiculed and abused. This is the inevitable after penalty of great success. The practical man has now become a dreamer of dreams. He once walked in the clear daylight of a healthful mind: but now—like an opium-eater on the banks of the Bosphorus—he muses by the shores of Thames, and sees in the fleeting clouds visions of Arcady, universal love-feasts, and swordless nations sitting under their vines. How art thou fallen, RICHARD COBDEN! And how is thy name become a bye-word at the Horse Guards!

Our hope in the triumph of peace principles is in the mass of the people. We despair of the governors. War is the profit and the miserable pride of all aristocracies. War is the brutalizing element that makes the millions the goods and chattels of the few; that extracts from their labour, their ignorance, and their suffering, wealth, power, and aggrandizement for the units. Take the £10,000 per annum pension of any conqueror—(be it understood, we detract no iota of respect from the individual; we only denounce the accursed system of which he is the produce)—take one year's pay, and apply a moral chemistry to the gold; then calculate, if you can, the amount of human ignorance, and human wretchedness, and crimes accountable to GOD—(as even regimental chaplains preach)—crimes of spoil, and murder, and blasphemy against the immortal nature of man—contained in that one year's reward.

We have ever believed war to be a mockery—a ceremonious mockery—of Christianity; and whenever we hear of bishops blessing colours, we are not converted by the episcopal benediction. No; we rather incline to believe the iniquity more hideous by the speciousness that seeks to justify it. We can understand that a Jewish High Priest should bless the banner of his people; but, for the life of us, we cannot admit that a minister of CHRIST labours in the vineyard of his Master, when he would sanctify the ensign of slaughter. In that vineyard there was no grape-shot.

It seems, however, that we must give up the *New Testament*, as having—in the words of Mr. COBDEN—"failed to inspire Christian nations with faith in the principles of peace." We must therefore appeal, not to Christian men, but to Christian tax-payers.—We must, for a time, close the New Testament, and open COCKER; the Sermon on the Mount is a divine theory, but the Income-tax is a hard, tangible thing. If men, with a perverseness of anatomy, will carry their hearts only in their breeches-pockets—why we must do our best to touch them there.

Mr. COBDEN calculates that the cost of the standing armaments of Europe, "exclusive of police, amounts to more than two hundred millions sterling a year." Now, without a word of the organized wickedness of this array,—let us think of its cost. Let us ponder on the labour sacrificed to the idleness of hordes of military. Let us consider the toil imposed upon the working classes to feed, clothe, and organize this half-human, half-mechanic iniquity.—What should we say of the farmer who employed a certain number of his men, not in the cultivation of corn; but of the idle weeds that flaunt among the life-sustaining wheat? We should call him madman or fool. Nevertheless, how many are the lunatics and idiots, a portion of whose work goes inevitably to the production and support of those worst weeds of the world's commonwealth, the "standing armaments?" If we look at war only for its cost; if without a care or thought of the anguish inflicted and endured by man upon man; if heeding not the thousand wretches writhing and dead upon the battle-field, we only calculate the amount they have cost us to maim and murder,—we must think the bargain a most blind and unprofitable one. If we care not for the blood that is shed,—nevertheless, why should we waste so much money in ball and powder?

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish to be enrolled among the non-resistants. We confess that we have not arrived to such a point of self-denial. We would by no means calmly bow to our fate should a Cossack land upon Dover beach; or even French National Guards charge with fixed bayonets down the Strand. We should still desire to keep our own homesteads, and not very readily accept a billet of the enemy. What we require is—a general disarmament. It is very well to urge that readiness for war is the best security for peace; nevertheless, it is not necessary for nations to keep the peace, that they should keep it with fire-arms at full-cock.

As we have before urged, nations should treat to be allowed to take stock of one another. We send ambassadors to courts, why not ambassadors to visit arsenals and dock-yards? In the meantime, the peace question will grow and strengthen. If it do not—as it ought—become a general sentiment of the national heart, it is safe, in good time, to have its influence on the national pocket.

MR. COBDEN ON PEACE AND WAR.—Mr. Cobden has addressed the following letter to Mr. Sturge:—

"Hayling Island, Hants, Sept. 16, 1848.

"My dear Sturge—I regret my inability to accept the invitation to the Congress at Brussels; but I beg you to be the bearer of my best wishes for the success of your peaceful demonstration.

"My opinion is asked upon three propositions, which are to be submitted to the Congress.

"1. 'The expediency of recommending the insertion to an arbitration clause in all international treaties, by which questions of dispute shall be settled by mediation.' I cordially approve of this proposition, but may be allowed to suggest that it will be better to recommend that treaties be entered into for the express purpose of binding and contracting nations to submit their future quarrels to the decision of arbitrators. I do not think that it would be easy to find an object more worthy of a separate treaty than that which is contemplated in this clause.

"2. 'The propriety of establishing a Congress of nations to form an international code.' Until I hear the argument upon which it is founded, I shall be in doubt as to the policy of this recommendation.

"3. 'To recommend, as a matter of primary importance, general disarmament to the several Governments of Christendom.' I hope the Congress will try to open the eyes of all the nations of Europe to the enormous expense and waste occasioned by their standing armaments. To accomplish this object, you need only publish in the different continental languages, a few simple facts. When I was last year travelling over the Continent, I took some pains to be correct in the following statistical details. Bear in mind that no revolutionary symptoms had then appeared, and that the armaments have been everywhere increased during the present year. I estimated the total effective force of the regular armies of Europe in 1847, including that of Great Britain, to amount to upwards of 2,200,000 men; and the number employed on board ships of war to exceed 150,000; making together 2,350,000 regular soldiers and sailors. The national guards of France and Switzerland, the landwehr of Germany, and other bodies liable to temporary military service, I put down at a very moderate estimate at 1,000,000. Add to these the armed police, civic guards, gendarmerie, and custom-house officers, and you will have a total of nearly four millions of men with arms in their hands. But confining our attention for a moment to the 2,350,000 regular soldiers and sailors—this is called the peace establishment, but I doubt whether in the most active period of Napoleon's wars there was so large an effective armed force in Europe. There might have been a greater number on paper, but a far larger proportion was in hospital, or rendered non-effective from other causes.

"It is not easy to compute the precise cost of these armaments. If the total expense on the Continent bore the same proportion per head as in England (but this would be an exaggerated estimate), the direct charge for the regular forces alone would amount to £250,000,000 sterling per annum.

"There is, however, a very large expense incurred for maintaining and repairing fortified places on the Continent, from which England is in a great measure exempt. Then we must bear in mind that the men who are thus wholly withdrawn from productive labour are all in the vigour and prime of life, and assuming that they would be capable of producing in agriculture or manufactures wealth to the amount of £50 a year each, a very moderate estimate, it amounts to an additional loss of £100,000,000 per annum. I have put down nothing for the cost of the arms and accoutrements of the national guard and landwehr, or for the value of the labour which they have withdrawn from private pursuits, and devote to occasional military services. Without attempting any exactness in my estimate, I will obviate all objections by understanding the case, and therefore shall content myself by asserting that the cost of the standing armaments of Europe, exclusive of police, amounts to more than two hundred millions sterling a year. This enormous burden must have greatly aggravated the sufferings of the industrious population in the late bad seasons, and may have partly caused that discontent which has so often ended in revolution.

"It may be objected that I appeal to low motives in thus dwelling upon the pecuniary view of the question. True; but if the New Testament has failed to inspire Christian nations with faith in the principles of peace, I may surely be excused if I demonstrate how costly is their reliance for defence upon the spirit of war. When Jenner found all his appeals to the humanity of certain parochial authorities fail, he at last succeeded in persuading them to adopt his discovery by proving that it would cost less to vaccinate the poor than to pay for coffins for those who died of the small-pox. But there is no danger of the Congress losing sight of the moral aspect of the question. The modern system (for it is of modern growth) of maintaining huge standing armaments in time of peace is a scandal to the boasted civilization of the age. It proclaims to the world a total want of confidence on the part of each European State, in the peaceful professions of the others, thus carrying us back to that state of society when barbarous tribes were constantly armed, expecting every moment to be attacked by their savage neighbours. You will probably be treated with ridicule on the Continent, as I have been in England, for advocating such a Utopian scheme as a general disarmament. The larger portion of mankind are perhaps at present opposed or indifferent to our views. But we know that in contending for a principle based upon truth and sanctioned by the law of God, we have only to persevere to convert our minority into a majority. Your Congress will be the protest of this minority against a system repugnant alike to humanity and common sense, and I can only repeat the regret I feel in not being able to take a part personally in your proceedings.—And believe me, my dear Sturge, faithfully yours,

"RICHARD COBDEN.

"Joseph Sturge, Esq., Birmingham."

A SOUTHERN LEGISLATOR.—A correspondent of the *Burlington Free Press* has furnished to that journal the following specimen of obituary eloquence, which, he says, he heard delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. His report of this touching speech of the enlightened legislator is *verbatim*.

'*Mr. Speaker*:—Sir, our fellow citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the browncreaters, (bronchitis he meant, I suppose,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good, up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenious *creatur*, and in the early part of his life had a father and a mother.

He was an officer in our State Militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as Lieutenant by General Washington, first President and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried, soon after his death, with military honours, and several guns were bust in firing salutes.

Sir, Mr. Speaker:—General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our Constitution; and he was indeed a great and good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and, though he was in favour of the United States Bank, he was a friend of education, and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive and hadn't a' died sometime beforehand. His death was considered at the time as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold.

Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of Silas Higgins, who is dead and died of the *brown creaters* yesterday in the forenoon."

AN ANCIENT LOOKING-GLASS.—I can never forget my perplexity and astonishment the first time I saw a specchio in the hall of the Archæological Society. I saw a number of the members gathered in consultation round a thing which I took for an ancient sacrificial instrument: I thought it was a frying-pan. It was small and shallow; but it had a rim remaining, and a handle, and seemed very fit for the purpose, only somewhat corroded with rust, and worn down by time. I saw the wonder it excited; and I had no doubt that it was a treasure most curious and rare; and it might have tried either fish or eggs, or any other sort of thing represented in the tombs. It was presented to me, in my turn, for inspection, and I timidly asked its name. One of the gentlemen said, "A 'specchio,'" and smiled, "A specchio," I repeated, and considered within myself—a *specchio* is the Italian for a looking-glass; but, perhaps, it may also be the learned name for some of those mystical instruments, of which the use is not known. It was certainly not a glass. No one could see themselves in that thick unpolished metal; the convex side would make a distorted face; and the concave, the surface of which was but slightly hollowed, and a figure scratched upon it. I looked again to see if it was a costume; but it was a genuis winged and naked—not, therefore, as it appeared to me, a model for female fashions. I asked the professor what it was. He opened his eyes, and answered—"A specchio!" There was evidently no one there who could conceive the existence of a being so ignorant as not to know the history, date, and use of a specchio; so I was silent. One person said to me, "How would you like such a looking glass?" and believing his speech to be a joke, I laughed. Another good humouredly observed, "You will see it on the vases." For a whole week I was engaged in finding out the meaning of a specchio, and peeped in every shop window in Rome to see if I could find it on a vase. I did fortunately see it on my vases; and in due time, arrived at the knowledge I desired. After puzzling out my lesson I could not help thinking what a pity that you learned men, who, give public lectures, should not have amongst you one poor ignorant being; who having felt, like me, the difficulty of groping her way to the days of the flood, and the origin of nations, could have had compassion upon another in distress, and have said—"A specchio means a looking-glass, and this is one.—You will find that all the ancient nations used them of this form, and of brass, or of bronze, till about two centuries before the Christian era, when they were made of polished steel, which custom continued until superseded by glass. A very fine one of steel, purchased by Caprenisi, was lately dug up at Avignon, of the time of the empire; and glass was known and used along with steel at the time of the destruction of Pompeii, as you may see in the toilet cabinet of the Naples museum. This bronze, though it looks to you so dull and dingy, was once very finely, polished, and specimens are occasionally found on which the polish still remains. Specchii of brass or bronze (for the words mean the same thing) are mentioned in the book of Job, at a time probably 184 years prior to Abraham. We know, therefore, that they are of the very highest antiquity, and most probably were invented by Tubal Cain, and used by the ladies in Noah's ark. They are chiefly, if not wholly, now found in the graves of Etruria, and the number known is about five hundred." Had any lady taken this compassion upon me, I should have thanked her more than I did that day either the wit or the charity of the learned men. By the time Campanari brought these specchii to Rome, I was wise enough to have stared myself at a question about them, and to have answered, that "a specchio meant a specchio." I never heard what became of them, but they are among the very finest that have ever been found, and must have belonged to some eminently rich person.—*Mrs. Gray's Tour to Etruria.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Mr. Charles Lyell, late President of the Geological Society, has been knighted.

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with a cry of "Miss Wilberforce for ever!"—when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you, for really I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

A NEW MILKY WAY.—A lad of about eight years of age, son of a respectable Gloucestershire farmer, reading with his class, came to the words "the milkly way." Upon being asked by his teacher if he knew what was meant by the milky way, he indignantly replied—"Why, sir, to be sure I do, 'tis the whey as comes from the cheese."

RUSTIC CRITIQUE.—It does not require the "schoolmaster to be abroad," to make some men philosophers. There is an instinctive fund of knowledge possessed by many individuals, who have not the advantage of book learning. The broad volume of nature is open to their inspection, which is anything but a dead language to such acute observers. "I always listen with pleasure," says a modern writer, "to the observations made by country people on the habits of animals." A countryman was shewn Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the pigs. "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs, but there is one fault; nobody ever see'd three pigs feeding together, but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

TALMUDICAL ALLEGORY.—THE SPIRIT OF SOLOMON.—A venerable old man toiled through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hand, and in strewing with his own hand, the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom in a friendly voice: "what are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the old man, "how can you, ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious, and to gather. What then I learned I am following out to this hour." "You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that animal to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

KEATS'S BURIAL-PLACE, THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY ROME.—One of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. It is a grassy slope, amid verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surrounded by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch attributed to Remus, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler name of Caius Cestius, a Tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past, which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the intenest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;" and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow, even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."—*Keats's Remains by Mr. Monckton Milnes.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, in an article on "Irish Food and Irish Famine," contends that the cost of feeding the Irish population, in the event of another famine, should devolve on the Irish proprietors of the soil, and not on the working classes of England. It affirms also that in the case of famine the right to export food is altogether inadmissible, and that Ireland has no *claim* on British charity till Irish resources are exhausted. "We speak not on light authority when we affirm that during the last Irish famine the very same grain was purchased in London, shipped to Ireland, bought up there and re-shipped, three times over, the speculators reaping a profit on each transaction, and we have the best reasons for knowing that more than one individual made his fortune by this most nefarious traffic."

NAPOLEON'S MOTHER DEAD IN PARIS.—We condense the following narrative from *La Democratic Pacifique*: Madame Ameliger was an old sutler to the Imperial Guard. She laboured in her vocation at most of Napoleon's great battles, frequently showing great intrepidity, and once had the good fortune even to save Bernadotte's life. When that able general was elevated to Swedish royalty, Ameliger repaired to Stockholm and received many testimonies of his esteem. She returned to Paris and after the fall of the empire she was reduced to great poverty, labouring as a *chiffonére* (a sort of street rag-picker) but was still so fond of fighting her battles over again, with many a tale of the Emperor, that she acquired the name of "Napoleon's mother." She took the greatest interest in the election of Prince Louis Napoleon, canvassing for votes, and when she was assured of his triumphant election she was seized with such a transport of joy that apoplexy resulted, and she fell dead. Her age was seventy-nine.

EXTRAORDINARY AERIAL PHENOMENON.—A Derry paper gives a circumstantial description of an extraordinary appearance in the heavens which, on the morning of Saturday week, was witnessed by two men who were out in a fishing boat off Quigley's Point, in Lough Foyle. "The sky was of a more than ordinary dark and lurid aspect, so much so that the men were apprehensive that there would be a heavy fall of rain, when almost instantaneously the clouds to the westward parted, and an opening, as it were, of a reddish hue became visible, to which their attention was directed. Then there appeared in the heavens a regiment of men in uniform; and so minute was the representation, that the dresses of the officers could be easily distinguished from those of the men. This passed away in a panoramic manner, and was quickly succeeded by the view of two large three-masted vessels of war under full sail, which traversed the same space as their predecessors on the scene, and at length they faded from the sight. The mysterious vision was not, however, yet completed; for their wondering eyes now beheld the appearance of two human forms, male and female, standing with their faces towards each other, as if engaged in conversation; and so vivid was the outline of these figures that they distinguished the male from the female, the former being apparently clothed in a frock coat. This aerial personation of humanity occupied about the same space of time as the two first mentioned. This most bewildering scene was closed by the forms of a swan and pea-hen moving across and disappearing; after which the sky assumed the sombre hue which it wore previous to this strange illusion."

THE LEGEND OF THE SEINE.—This is the incident to which the name of the river is so prettily traced in one of St. Pierre's prose idylls. He tells us that Seine, a nymph of Ceres, and daughter of Bacchus, having been in attendance on the goddess in her search after Proserpine, begged that these charming meadows might be bestowed upon her; a request which was granted, with the power to make corn and fruit grow wherever she trod. She accordingly took possession of the country, and the nymph Heve was specially charged with her guardianship, that she might protect her against the dangerous advances of her neighbour the god of the sea. Seine was one day very innocently amusing herself on the beach, and sporting with the waves, when Heve caught a glimpse of the white hair, dark face, and azure mantle of Neptune advancing among the billows. She immediately warned Seine of her danger; but it was too late. Neptune urged forward his sea-horses, and caught the fair creature as she was endeavouring to escape into the meadows. Seine called for help upon Bacchus and Ceres, who immediately interposed, and the moment Neptune seized her, she dissolved into that river which now flows through the meadows in which the nymph loved to disport herself. But, notwithstanding this metamorphosis, by which it might be supposed she had effectually evaded her imperious lover, Neptune still continues to chase her, and she to fly from his dripping arms. Twice a day he comes panting and roaring up to this spot, and each time Seine retreats to take refuge in her meads, the stream rushing back widly to its source, in utter disregard of the natural laws by which the course of rivers is usually governed.—"Wayside Pictures," in *Bentley's Miscellany.*

EAU DE COLOGNE.—We believe the truth to be contained in the following statement, which has been given us on good authority. A famous distiller, (if not the famous one,) Jean Marie Farina, died several years ago, and left his receipt and his business to two daughters, both married. The husband of one of these only carried on the business, and his establishment is at No. 129, Hoch Strasse. It is certain that the name has been multiplied in some cases at Cologne by hunting out persons named Farina, in Italy, who were made use of to give a pretext for putting that name on the bottles. But no descent will secure a supremacy in a manufacture which depends both on the quality of the essential oils used, and the proportions in which they are mixed, circumstances in which it seems likely that no two batches made by the same hand can ever perfectly agree. There are at least three manufactures who stand pretty much alike in favour with the public, and, altogether, we believe the candid